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SHAKESPEARE AND BACON: CAN THEY BE RECONCILED? REPORT OF A DEBATE, WITH A PROTOCOL (JANUARY, 1900), BETWEEN APPLETON MORGAN, LL.D., AND ISAAC HALL PLATT, M.D. [An abridged report of this debate was printed during the summer of 1901, in the Philadelphia *Conservator*].

I.

DR. MORGAN. Dr. Platt and myself are both SHAKESPEAREANS. That is to say, we are both students of the Life and Works of the greatest Dramatist that ever lived. Moreover, we are both believers in SHAKESPEARE! Dr. Platt, however, raises the questions—"Who was Shakespeare? Was he Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans?"

Now, I should as soon think of denying that Dr. Platt was a Shakespearean, because he raises these questions, as I should think of denying that Professor Delitzsch is a Biblicist or a Hebraist or an Assyriologist, because he can not believe that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, or that Jonah in the whale's belly chanted psalms composed a thousand years after his death on shore! Rather than believe that the "Higher Criticism" of Shakespeare has, as we are constantly told, "made no impression upon Scholarship," I should prefer to believe that the reason why Shakespearean scholars treat their Shakespeare so much more reverently than Patristic scholars treat their Bible, is the same as Hamlet gave for rejecting the theory that Old Men had grey Beards, viz: "All of which, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down." But at the same time, since I myself sincerely believe that William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon not only produced, but composed these plays, I should be very proud if I could bring Dr. Platt and his school to agree with me on all Shakespeare authorship questions. Indeed, I am prepared to go great lengths

to achieve such an agreement. But, if we cannot agree, can we not find some common ground in the syndicate—or composite-authorship—theory, which twenty-five years ago I suggested in my Shakespearean Myth. For, I am bound to say that I then believed that if some compromise were not adopted by the Baconians, they would be obliged either to abandon their hypothesis, or extend it to still greater lengths. They chose to do the latter, and to-day insist not only upon Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare plays, but of the King James version of the Scriptures, Montaigne, Burton's Anatomy, Marlowe, Greene, Ben Jonson, Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and a catalogue besides, which would fill a page of NEW SHAKESPEAREANA; this list to include, according to Mr. Roe, all the works of Defoe. Indeed, they go still deeper (and Dr. Platt, to my surprise, goes with them), discovering ciphers and cryptograms without stint almost everywhere. Now, all this might be avoided, and a consequent strain upon our credulity (not to mention the big shadow of a doubt it all throws upon the Baconian theory pure and simple) be escaped, by a safe middle path.

The fondness for doubting old tales does not always spring from mere love of paradox and of tours de force! The Great Napoleon doubted whether the Greeks ever built a hollow horse large enough to hold an hundred soldiers, and dragged it across two rivers, or whether the gallant defenders of Troy turned into idiots at sight of it and pulled down a section of their wall in the face of the enemy to admit it into the city they were defending , without looking inside it, or that the Greeks could have plundered and burned the city of Troy to the ground, from sunrise to sunset of a single day! And this although no contemporary historian throws doubt upon either story! Some of us are built in just that way!

But there was an uncertainty, at least, if not a mystery, even in their day, about the authorship of these Shakespearean plays! To begin with, within less than four months after her ascent to the throne, Queen Elizabeth issued two proclamations, by which she commanded and made it the especial charge of the Mayors, Lieutenants of Shire, Justices of the Peace and all other chief officers,

"that they permit no Stage plays or Interludes to be played wherein either matters of religion or of the gouvernance of the Estate of the Commonwealth be handled or treated being no mete matters to be handled or treated upon, but by men of authoritie, learning and wisdom, nor to be handled before any audience but of grave and discreet persons."

Elizabeth was the daughter of a left-handed marriage, according to Catholic and Protestant tenets alike, as well as according to the common law. And this was reason enough why she never ceased her anxiety to suppress all political agitation and all miscellaneous polemics, which might draw attention to the flaw in her succession, and it is hard to imagine that, in the face of this proclamation, the Shakespeare plays, which overflow with "matters of religion and of the state," had no personages of influence behind them, or "pull," as the slang of the present day puts it, in order to appear on the stage at all! The Plays are packed with matter which Queen Elizabeth would have "sniffed treason" in.* We have seen her commanding her lawyers to bring Sir Christopher Blount, Sir Gilly Merrick and others to the bar, on a charge of high treason, and execrating them for daring to produce one of these Plays (the Richard II.) without her Lord Chamberlain's sanction. How did the 35 other plays pass the Lord Chamberlain? Imagine a Queen who, from the day she ascended the throne, did all in her power to suppress agitation, passing such as this: "It is an heretic which makes the fire, not she which burns in it"; or that passage in the Richard II., eloquent in its contempt for Royalty, where Death is asserted to keep his state within the hollow crown that rounds the mortal temples of a king, "And there the antic sits, scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp. Allowing him a breath, a little scene, in which to monarchise, be feared and kill with looks," etc. Elizabeth was a Tudor, and the only use the Tudors had for great men was to cut their heads off! Did a Tudor Queen except from that discipline unknown dramatists who mocked herself? And, again; doubt of some dimensions began as soon as these plays themselves began to appear in print. Was Love's Labor's Lost, packed with a sort of verbal "Diversions of Perley," such as leisurely historians delight in; reporting the flirtations of princesses and courtiers and ladies of honor—was this play written or was it only "newly augmented by" William Shakespeare, as its earliest known title-page alleges? Meres' list cannot be squared with any other known list of Shakespeare's works. Robert Greene boldly declared that Shakespeare was a Joannes Factotum, not a Dramatist! Ben Jonson's verses commendatory of Shakespeare have been ruled out as evidence, I believe, because he uses precisely the same words to eulogize his fellow Dramatist, as he does to eulogize his employer, Lord Bacon, which "stand-off" leaves him a detractor of Shakespeare, as one who "wanted art," and whom he wished had "blotted out

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*NEW SHAKESPEAREANA, Vol. I., page 65:

a thousand" of the very lines which he declared in poetry, so far from "wanting art," were "living lines, such as thine are, which he who casts, must sweat and strike a second heat, upon the Muses' anvil," etc. And, again, it seems that, in or about the year 1613, he (Ben Jonson) prepared for the court a masque called The Princes Masque, or Time Vindicated, in which one of the characters, *Chronomastix* (who is represented as "admired by all the town") is brought up for presentation to Fame, but is received by that lady with:

> Away, I know thee not, wretched impostor,
> Creature of Glory, mountebank of witte,
> Self loving braggart, Fame doth sound no trumpet
> To such vaine, empty fools! 'Tis infamy
> Thou serv'st and follow'st, scorne of all the Muses!
> Goe, revel with thy ignorant admirers,
> Let worthy names alone.

There is more to this purpose in this Masque (which, strangely enough, Gifford, who labored so hard to prove that Jonson was the friend of Shakespeare, did not print, in his unabridged editions)! And, as in the case of the anonymous "Ratsey's Ghost," it is hard to find any playwright or actor of the day, other than Shakespeare, important enough or prosperous enough to fit these verses to. Perhaps it was because (and yet it is hardly conceivable) that the proprietors of the theaters of that day had taken a raw importation from the country—a youth fresh from a country grammar school, or from holding horses at the curb before the theater door—and set him to rewriting and revising or stage-editing the works of the master dramatists! That is an explanation, to be sure. But it seems to raise a greater difficulty than it removes!

Of what little other contemporary mention we have of Shakespeare, a fair proportion is equivocal, and when Heminge and Condell edited his collected plays, they devoted their preface to apology. In the First Folio twenty plays are added to the Lifetime List by Heminge and Condell. In the Third Folio, there was an addition of seven plays to Heminge and Condell's list of Plays by William Shakespeare! This, taken with the fact that there are still generally admitted to be such things as doubtful plays in the Shakespeare group, adds force to the then contemporary suspicion that the authorship of the Plays was not clear. Or why was Pericles, the Play oftenest printed in Quarto as Shakespeare's rejected by his own fellow-actors, and when restored to the canon, after their deaths, accompanied by

six others, rejected by every Shakespearean scholar that ever lived? The Edward the Third and The Two Noble Kinsmen seem to prove either that the hand we call Shakespeare's sometimes touched the work of other men, or that other men signed their names to work that Shakespeare's hand had wrought.

Again: the Preface to the Quarto Troilus and Cressida is foggy enough to be read almost any way. The last act of the Henry VIII., otherwise a perfect four-act tragedy, with Queen Katherine as its heroine, is a eulogy of Queen Katherine's supplanter! No one who can read the Plays at all can fail to notice that no dramatist who wrote the first acts of Timon of Athens ever wrote the two last. The late James Russell Lowell could not bring himself to believe that Shakespeare wrote the Richard III. And no editor, from Rowe to Richard Grant White, has failed to argue that, if not whole acts or scenes, then lines and words, are not by the great Dramatist whom we call Shakespeare. And so it goes!

We cannot cross-examine Shakespeare's contemporaries, for they are dust. But if their testimony is inconsistent, we have a right to compare it with itself. And we have a perfect right , also, in letting it stand as a whole, to enquire if they, too, could not have been as well deceived as we ourselves —that is, if we have been deceived at all!

These are some of the reasons why I cannot ascribe the existence of a Bacon-Shakespeare theory, as I see Sir Henry Irving does, "to that antipathy to the actor's calling which has its eccentric manifestations to this day," nor answer it, once for all, in what doubtless is the safest method, by turning my head the other way and denying that there is any Bacon-Shakespeare Theory at all, and reading Dr. Platt, with his troublesome questions, out of the church! If the Apostolic Succession of Commentators are permitted to doubt piecemeal, why cannot Dr. Platt and his school doubt by wholesale? Cannot a man read his Bible if he cherishes a doubt as to Moses or Jonah or Noah's Ark?

I have never been impressed with Nash's well-known "Whole Hamlet's" speech, because it never seemed possible to me that Shakespeare could have been supposed brought up to "the trade of Noverint." Though I admit the speech might well be added to the list of those creative of the contemporary doubt. But the following, from Greene's "Farewell to Folly" (1591), even standing alone, seems to me to imply (not necessarily as to Shakespeare, but as to anybody who wrote anything in those days) a reasonable reticence of absolute certainty: "Others, if they come to write, or publish anything in print—which for thier CALLING OR GRAVITY being loth to

have any profane pamphlets pass under thier hand, get some other to set his name to thier verses." And there is not a scholar anywhere, however vociferously he denies the minutest possibility of a doubt as to Shakespeare *quoad* Shakespeare, who, in other directions, or where anybody else but Shakespeare was affected, would place the slightest reliance upon Elizabethan title pages or dedications. Wither (Scholler's Purgatory, 1625) says of the publisher of his date: "If he gets any written matter in his power likely to be vendable, whether the author be willing or not, he will publish it, and it shall be contrived and named also according to his own pleasure. Nay, he oftentimes gives books names as will, to his thinking, make them salable, when there is nothing in the whole volume suitable to such a title." If we possessed nothing else on the subject than this one passage from Mr. Wither, I should, myself, be unable to say that it was absurd or idiotic or unpermissible to doubt that Marlowe write Marlowe, or Shakespeare Shakespeare, or Bacon Bacon, if one saw fit to do so!

II.

HOW SHALL WE SETTLE THE QUESTION?

It is a happy thought of Dr. Platt's to put his questions in the point-blank way he has: "Who was Shakespeare?" "Was he Francis Bacon?" For this, at the outset, avoids reams of fuss about the perfectly patent dissimilarity of style between The Plays and Bacon's admitted Works! Almost anybody who can write at all can write in as many "styles" as he likes; at least, in more than one. (The least of us can possess at least a business as well as an epistolary "style"!) And who is it that proposes to assert that —of all men—a Shakespeare could only be capable of one and one only? The man who would make that assertion would tell us in the same breath that Trinculo and Pistol and Falstaff talked like Prospero, or Hamlet; or Dogberry like Ulysses! To be sure, to these all, we apply the adjective, "Shakespearean," just as we apply the adjective "Napoleonic" to supreme and unapproachable magnificence, in degree, if not in kind. But one can see the difference between, for example, the "style" of ancient Pistol and the style of Hamlet, we suppose, even if one is not a Professor of English in Oxford or Harvard! Seriously, I think this argument has been used long enough. Lord Tennyson declared that the man who wrote Bacon's Essay on Love could never have written Romeo and Juliet! Certainly not! He could not—unless he had tried to. And Dr. Platt's question seems to me just that. Did he (whoever he was) TRY TO? Dr. Platt, and those who believe with him, are evidently going to keep on asking these troublesome

questions until somebody answers them. I cannot myself answer them except as above. But I will take one step towards an answer, here and now. I will concede, if Dr. Platt will allow me, that it is no answer to the Bacon-Shakespeare proposition to quote Bacon's paraphrase of the Psalms! I conceive that Lord Bacon wrote them purposely in doggerel, in order that the meanest minds—the class in his day which corresponds to the Salvation Army in ours—might bawl them. But, specific as this class might have been in Bacon's day, it could not have been much more ridiculous than what some fairly intelligent audiences at present, here in this city of New York, keep in their Psalmodies to-day at the threshhold of the twentieth century. I open one of these books, and find this: "And shout while passing through the air—Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!" Which is no worse than saintly George Herbert's verses, The Sundays of man's life, threaded together on Time's string, make bracelets to adorn the wife of the Eternal King! Is anything too euphuistic or absurd for devotional poetry? Bacon did not make them quite as ridiculous doggerel as Milton's or as Sternhold and Hopkins! But I have yet to learn that any Professor of English Literature or any English poet has ever exclaimed "How impossible to believe that the author of Bacon's 'Essays' could ever have written Bacon's 'Paraphrase of the Psalms'!"

And now, since Dr. Platt has generously elided all the "style" questions, I will be equally generous, and make him a present of all the arguments to be drawn from the masses of "Parallelisms"which form the great bulk of the Baconian books! I am willing to give every one of them to the Baconians—to admit that Bacon and Shakespeare, if you please, use identical expressions, employ identical metaphors, make identical mistakes, recur to identical twists and turns of speech, etc., etc. I regret to confess that, except possibly by their mass, as cumulative, these impress me not at all. Shakespeare is so cosmic, so universal, so Oceanic; he so touches every human affair, emotion, sympathy, so ranges from the zenith to the nadir of human life, omitting nothing between, that I cannot imagine a Literature, much less the books of any single author, that he does not "parallel"! I will sit down after breakfast any day with Dr. Platt, and "parallel" Shakespeare with the editorial or the advertising columns of that morning's newspaper! Much more, when we find that another great and voluminous author was writing side by side with Shakespeare, in the same city, on the same days, under the same conditions, liable to the same errors, and affected by identical environments; that neither of them could have avoided knowing—or knowing of—the other—where is the wonder that these two "parallel" each other?

I must confess to surprise that they do not parallel more than they do! And I am also going to make Dr. Platt and his school a present of all the arguments drawn from the "Legalisms" in the plays. Mr. Devecmon and Judge Allen have demonstrated that every Elizabethan Dramatist packed his Plays with legal terms and allusions, and quite as plentifully and as accurately as Shakespeare did!

What does stagger me, I admit, is the huge list of anachronisms in the plays, the utter abandon and insouciance with which a clock strikes in Cæsar's tent; Paper and holy water are mentioned in King Lear's time, dollars and cannon in Macbeth's reign—and so on! Very likely, perhaps, to present the vraissemblance and carry the perspective or situation, to emphasize the event, to his audiences, Bacon might have brought Mark Antony to bury, rather than to cremate Cæsar! But I cannot quite so readily understand how, being a lawyer, he could force himself to misstate those hornbook propositions of law with which lawyers are saturated, or invent History, as in the case of the King John and the Richard II.! The agony for accuracy which led him to rewrite his Novum Organum fifty-three times, seems to have deserted him when he came to manufacture Plays! "History made Visible"!!! Rather in these two is it History turned topsy turvy!

But, while unable to apply any Bertillon measurements to the Plays, there is a sort of Internal-Circumstantial evidence which we can—and which, I am sure, Dr. Platt will—accept, and, with his permission, I am going to digress a moment to submit it to him.

Suppose, Dr. Platt, you wanted to find out whether the Charles Dickens who wrote "Barnaby Rudge" was the Charles Dickens who wrote "David Copperfield"!

Supposing that contemporaries of Charles Dickens, known intimates and friends of his, assured you that the Charles Dickens they knew certainly did write both those works of fiction—and, moreover, that "David Copperfield" was a portrait and autobiography, more or less, of Charles Dickens himself, when a little lad!

But suppose you still doubted! These contemporaries and friends of Mr. Dickens may have been misled. They tell different stories about him; when they happen to tell the same story they tell it differently, etc., etc. Suppose, then, you went to work independently, and, investigating along your own lines, you open your "David Copperfield," and in Chapter IV. you happen upon this passage:

> "My father left a small collection of books in a little room upstairs, to which I had access, and which nobody else in our house

ever troubled. From that blessed little room, Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Tom Jones, The Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Robinson Crusoe, a glorious host, came out to keep me company!"

Supposing you thereupon turned to "Roderick Random," the first named of this "glorious host," and supposing in Chapter XIII. of Part I. of that story you found this:

> "At that instant a monstrous, overgrown raven entered our chamber with bells at his feet, and made directly toward our bed—as this creature is reckoned in our country a common vehicle for the devil and his witches to play their pranks in, I verily believed we were haunted, and in a violent fright shrunk under the bed clothes. * * * But we had not long been freed from this phantom when another appeared that well nigh deprived us of our senses! We perceived an old man enter the room with a long white beard that reached to his middle. * * * * When he reached us he wrung his hands and cried with a voice that did not seem to belong to a human creature, 'Where is Ralph? Where's Ralph? * * * In the morning Strap imparted the whole affair to Joey, who, after an immoderate fit of laughter, explained the matter by telling him that the old man was the landlord's father, who had been an idiot some years and diverted himself with a tame raven, which, it seems, had hopped away from his apartments in the night and induced him to follow it to our chamber."

Now, Dr. Platt, in view of these passages, as corroborating the testimony, as a whole, of Charles Dickens's contemporaries, and in view of Barnaby Rudge being drawn as an idiot, with a tame raven called Ralph, for a companion, would you not concede that, at least, there might be something in "a theory that Charles Dickens wrote 'Barnaby Rudge'"? I think that you would, even if you were still reluctant to give up your whole case.

Now, while the analogy is by no means perfect, I am going to demonstrate, first, that the author of the Plays knew his Warwickshire and fell into Warwickshire dialects, habits and idioms, and referred to Warwickshire tales and traditions, and, secondly, that men who knew, or who thought that they knew, the man who composed the Shakespeare Plays, associated that man always with Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, and with no other geographical precinct!

III.

THE PLAYS OF WARWICKSHIRE ORIGIN.

I. Warwickshire dialect could not have been placed in the Plays with a design of promoting their popularity or success. The Plays were produced in London, and Warwickshire was an interior county, about which London and Londoners knew or cared nothing at all. There is a probability that the Shakespeare plays were performed after a fashion in the low countries, and in Germany, perhaps even in Scotland, but scarcely in Warwickshire. And yet these Plays appear to be packed with Warwickshireisms. I have myself collected four hundred and eighty-eight of these, to wit: All's Well That Ends Well, 15 instances; As You Like It, 16; Antony and Cleopatra, 10; Comedy of Errors, 9; Coriolanus, 13; Cymbeline, 7; Julius Cæsar, 7; King John, 11; Hamlet, 34; 1 Henry IV., 10; 2 Henry, 13; Henry V., 34; 1 Henry VI., 5; 2 Henry VI., 21; 3 Henry VI., 10; Henry VIII., 9; King Lear, 14; Love's Labor's Lost, 17; Macbeth, 13; Measure for Measure, 14; Midsummer Night's Dream, 14; Merry Wives, 9; Much Ado, 8; Othello, 17; Pericles, 4; Richard II., 2; Richard III., 8; Romeo and Juliet, 15; Taming of the Shrew, 9; Timon of Athens, 11; Titus Andronicus, 5; Tempest, 15; Twelfth Night, 14; Two Gentlemen, 4; Winter's Tale, 23; Merchant of Venice, 16; Troilus and Cressida, 20. (This list ought to be valuable to those who find traces of Middleton, Fletcher and others in the admitted Plays, and especially to those who reject Pericles, Titus Andronicus and the last half of Timon of Athens from the orthodox canon. It would be curious if the Plays they reject were those whose Warwickshireisms were fewest, while in those they accept as undoubtedly and exclusively Shakespearean the Warwickshireisms most abounded.) I cheerfully admit that many of these Warwickshireisms are also common to other dialects. But this in no wise disturbs the *secundum quid!* We are not looking for Shakespeare in Staffordshire or Cornwall, or in any other county but Warwickshire!

Indeed, some of the very broadest and coarsest, and so most popular, allusions in the Plays are found to depend upon Warwickshire significances, being evidently for the ear of the groundlings, and quite adapted to their comprehension and taste, though so expressed as to be completely hidden in the employment of the Warwickshire form, and consequently entirely undetectable by one unfamiliar with the dialect. These have been scheduled by The New York Shakespeare Society elsewhere.

(The passage in Mercutio's speech, which most editors expurge entirely, and which is so vile that even the First Folio printed it with et ceteras, is

revealed in all its coarseness by finding the Warwickshire word therein. But, on the other hand, there is a possibly still smuttier allusion in Bacon's History of Henry the Seventh, which is repeated in a somewhat softened form in one of the Plays.)

II. At the time of the plague (the cholera) in Stratford-on-Avon, a daughter of Sir Hugh Clopton, the most prominent gentleman in residence there, was, it seems, prematurely buried, and her body placed in the since celebrated Charnel House of the Guild Chapel. On subsequently opening this Charnel for another interment, the body was found in a different place from that in which it had been deposited, with ghastly evidences of a struggle, showing that the poor lady had awakened and endeavored to escape until, in horror, her mind had given way. Such an occurrence must have stirred the little town to its center. We find it alluded to in Romeo and Juliet in the passage in which Juliet expresses her wonder whether the potion Friar Lawrence has given her should fail to keep her sleeping until Romeo's appearance, lest she should wake too soon and go mad with the horror of her surroundings:

> . . . shall I not be distraught, . . .
> And madly play with my forefather's joints?
> And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
> And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
> As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

III. In the first act of the Merry Wives of Windsor Shakespeare gets in his revenge on Sir Thomas Lucy by a lampoon which everybody recognizes, and which by no possibility can be diverted from him, for that nobleman's persecution resulting from the deer-stealing. The episode there lampooned can never cease to be a part of Stratford history, and it is related again in the only Shakespeare comedy whose scene is laid on English soil.

IV. In the midst of Ulysses's long speech to Achilles, in Troilus and Cressida (Act 3 Scene III. line 213)—as splendid a piece of eloquence as occurs anywhere in the Plays—is the line, "The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break." Certainly this is (as the saying went in those days) "dragged in by a rope," not being either in rhetoric or argument akin to the context. But Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps found a record to the effect that, at Evesham, a town about fifteen miles from Stratford-on-Avon, somewhere about the year 1594, an imbecile named Jack Miller, being locked up in a barn to keep him from following a troop of strolling players, escaped, and, to join the troops, rushed across a sheet of water thinly coated with ice from a slight

morning frost; the account adding that the ice was so thin that one of the spectators broke it by throwing a pebble after the escaping youth. Please do not call this a "coincidence," Dr. Platt! The more trivial the detail, the less likely it is to make an impression, get into history or chronicles, or be mentioned in a book or a letter, or be repeated at all! Can you imagine anybody but one who had seen the incident itself or hearing of it, remembering it for twenty years, and then dragging it with a rope into the midst of as recondite and abstruse a disquisition on human nature as Ulysses's oration before Achilles' tent? Does not this remind you of Roderick Random's and of Barnaby Rudge's Raven, Ralph?

V. It is related in the Town Records of Stratford-on-Avon that, in 1590 (after young Shakespeare's residence there), one Goodie Holder lodged a complaint with the town authorities that one Goodie Bromlie had shouted to her in the course of a quarrel, "Arent thee! witch." Students have been unable to find this word (spelled *arent* or *aroint*) more than twice in English writing, both these instances being in a MS. of a date earlier than Shakespeare's (found in the library of Trinity College, Dublin). Yet it occurs twice in the Plays. Once in Macbeth:

> Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries!

Then in Lear:

> Bid her alight, and her troth plight, and aroint thee witch, aroint thee!

Of course, if "aroint" had been a familiar word, either of Warwickshire dialect or of the vernacular, its use would not have been sufficiently specific to found an action of "assault and battery by words" upon. This seems to me another Roderick Random and Barnaby Rudge "coincidence"!

VI. In the introduction to the Taming of the Shrew, and constantly elsewhere in the Plays, we have Stratford-on-Avon and Warwickshire names: Sly, William Visor, Peter Turf, Henry Pimpernell, Marion Hackett, Wincot, Old John Naps of Greece, and the many others. (Mr. Falkner—see page 73, Vol. I., NEW SHAKESPEAREANA—has shown how the name MORGAN, three times dragged unnecessarily into the Plays, was somewhat intimately connected with Shakespeare's family, and a very common one in Bristol, at the mouth of the Severn, into which flows the Warwickshire Avon). It appears not only twice in Cymbeline, where it properly belonged (in Wales, on the road to Milford Haven), but once where it does not belong, when Parolles, in the French camp, is said to have "confessed himself to Morgan,

whom he supposes to be a priest" (All's Well That Ends Well, 4, III., 125). But I have the record of the will of one Joan Morgan, of Bristol, proved 17th Henry VIII. (that is, in 1530), who leaves a bequest to her curate, Thomas Shakespeare, of Bristol. Bristol, where the name is very common, is at the mouth of the Avon, and between Stratford and Bristol the "hoys" (small one-decked sailing vessels) were constantly passing (Comedy of Errors, 4, III., 40).

VII. There was an Edward the Sixth Grammar School (one of a series chartered at the same impulse), in Stratford-on-Avon. Scene 1 of Act IV. of the Merry Wives of Windsor (the only comedy whose scene is placed in England, and whose characters and story are English) has nothing whatever to do with the plot or the action of the comedy. The scene deserves more examination than is generally given to it. In it an ignorant, perfunctory and ridiculous schoolmaster (not quite as picturesquely painted as the Holofernes of another of the Plays, but who takes himself quite as seriously) examines a youth named William in what was called "schooling" in the English grammar schools of Shakespeare's day. And if Dr. Platt will turn once more to this scene I think he will hardly fail to see William Shakespeare relating a typical experience of his own, with a sense of humor which shows how superior he must have been in his youth to his own school surroundings. When Henry VIII. swept away the religious establishments and scattered the clericals, there were abolished with them the parochial schools which the monks conducted in the villages near by. When the royal attention of Edward the Sixth was called to this he restored these schools, chartering them as "grammar schools" (the word grammar referring to the Latin, not the English, grammar, which was the creation of a much later date). But that these "grammar schools" were any less travesties or in any way better than the old parochial affairs they succeeded, nobody pretends. Indeed, the records bear unimpeachable testimony to the effect that they were quite as bad, besides being a little more absurd, if anything. Except that they were no longer controlled by Friars, and were nominally placed under the patronage and visitorship of the neighboring Lord of the County (the Stratford grammar school was placed under the visitorship of the Earl of Warwick), the records show them to have remained quite as unspeakable and as superfluous as they could be in an age when no schoolmaster was expected to educate a child to know more than his parents, lest he should become disrespectful to them! They were comic in their disability, and the scene in the Merry Wives does them nothing but justice. But the fact that, in this scene, a countrywoman of the most ignorant type makes scurrilous and in-

vidious comments on the plan of the examination and the merits of the schoolmaster, I think is evidence that the peasantry themselves, uneducated as they were, fully realized the incompetency of the schools and schoolmasters of their day.

VIII. The book most to Shakespeare's taste, and nearest to his elbow, seems to have been the second edition of the Chronicles of Raphael Holinshed, a fellow Warwickshireman, in whose will, made October 1, 1578 (proved April 24, 1582), he describes himself as Raphael Holynshed of Bromecotte, in the County of Warr (that is, Bramcott, in the County of Warwick). Often identities of Warwickshire dialect are found in the Plays and in the Chronicles. (For example—"By smiling Pickthanks and base newsmongers," (I. Henry the Fourth 2 II. 25), and precisely in the same sense of a busybody, newsmonger or "carrytale." "Thus were the father and the sonne reconciled betwixte whom the said Pickthanks has sowne division.")

Of the thirty-six Shakespeare plays, the author or authors of the Historical ones seem only to have cared to put the prose of the Chronicles into the blank verse of the plays. Out of Holinshed come, almost word for word, not only "Cymbeline," "Macbeth," and "King Lear," romantic-historical plays, but "King John," "Richard II.," First and Second "Henry IV.," "Henry V.," First, Second and Third "Henry VI.," "Richard III.," and "Henry VIII." Let those who desire to parallel Shakespeare with somebody turn to the play of "Richard III." and parallel it with Holinshed's account of that king; to the play of "Henry IV." and Holinshed on Henry IV., especially the scene where the prince tries on his sleeping father's crown. There are long portions of the play of "Henry V." which are practical paraphrases, in blank verse, of Holinshed, as, for example, the Archbishop's long speech in the second scene of the first act, in Henry's speech to the traitors at Southampton, in Exeter's enumeration of the captives in the eighth scene of the fourth act, and in Queen Catherine's speech in the fourth scene of the second act of "Henry VIII." A great part, indeed, of "Henry VIII" simply consists of centos from Holinshed. Sometimes, however, Shakespeare seems to have used the third edition as where, in act V., scene iii., line 324, of the Richard III., he copies the typographical error in Holinshed, "long kept in Bretagne at our mother's" (instead of "brother's"), cost.

Even for the comic characters, which are Shakespeare's own, and which cannot by the extremest commentatorial ingenuity be assigned to anybody else's original, Shakespeare finds details in Holinshed. Thus, when the historian tells us that a private soldier stole a pix out of a church, for which theft he was apprehended, Shakespeare assigns the theft to Bardolph. And

the dramatist often reproduces the speeches given by the historian. Thus Holinshed says that Henry answers the defiance of Mountjoy, the herald: "I wish not anie of you so unadvised as to be the occasion that I dye your tawnie ground with your red blood." Shakespeare merely reduces this to rhythm, thus: "If we be hindered We shall your tawny ground with your red Blood Discolor," ("Henry V.," III., vi., 169).

Against all these instances, but one instance, so far as I know, has been found where Bacon borrows from Holinshed, and it must be admitted that Shakespeare often borrows the same figures, viz: Holinshed remarks in his "History of Richard III.," "Before such great things men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them, as the sea, without wind, swelleth himself before a tempest." Shakespeare paraphrased it:

> "By a divine instinct men's minds distrust
> Pursuing danger—as by proof, we see
> The water swell before a boisterous storm."
>
> *"Richard III.," act II., scene iii., line 2.*

And Bacon writes: "It is everywhere taken notice of that waters do somewhat swell and rise before tempests." And again: "As there are certain hollow blasts of wind and secret swellings of seas before a tempest, so are there in states."

In "Cymbeline," Shakespeare again repeats Holinshed, even to the proper names, though the orthography is revised, as, for example, Cloten for Cloton, Imogen for Innogen, Cadwall fo- Cadwallo, Morgan for Margan, etc., etc. But when we come to the drama of "Macbeth," Shakespeare held his imagination in abeyance, and recognizing in the story a character fit for tragedy on the Aristotelian principle (though I never, for my part, speculated as to why Shakespeare either should or should not have read Aristotle), simply dramatized his Holinshed! The circumstances under which Macbeth and Banquo meet the witches, the witches themselves, their prophecies, Macbeth's character, his wife's absolute mental control of him, the plot against King Duncan, the details of the murder (adapted from another narrative in the "Chronicles"), the drunken sleep of Duncan's chamberlains, the tempestuous night, the portents, Macbeth's terrors of conscience, the murder of Banquo, the flight of Fleance, the murder of Macduff's family, the exiles in England, the episode of Edward the Confessor touching for king's evil, the promises of the witches on which Macbeth relied, the narrative of the fight and of his death—are all given by Shakespeare in the same order in which Holinshed uses them.

In Malcolm's and Macduff's speeches in the third scene of the fourth

act, which are almost literal, Holinshed's statement that Macbeth's conscience "caused him ever to fear lest he should be served of the same cup as he had ministered to his predecessor" becomes

> "This even-handed justice
> Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
> To our own lips."

And the entire soliloquy at sight of the visionary dagger, "Methought I heard a voice," etc., etc., is but the poetry for Holinshed's description of the voice threatening vengeance heard by Macbeth in the dead of night and "preventing anie sleepe coming in his eies." If there were a theory that Holinshed wrote Shakespeare's plays, and if all that was necessary to prove that theory was to cite "parallelisms" between the plays and the "Chronicles," perhaps Dr. Platt would deny that Holinshed wrote Shakespeare.

IX. The plays are packed with Puns. But the significances of these Puns are found to depend upon a Warwickshire pronunciation of their vowels. And this Warwickshire pronunciation of vowels appears to be, even in comparison with other English Dialects, purely arbitrary. Thus, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, I., i., 72, we have "Twenty to one he is shipped already. And I have played the sheep in following him." The pronunciation of sheep is "ship" in Warwickshire. (Mr. Ellis says that a Warwickshire farmer once asked him if he had seen a "ship on fire," which bothered him until he discovered that what the farmer wanted to know was whether Mr. Ellis had seen his (the farmer's) sheep at the fair! As there is no Quarto of the "Two Gentlemen," Lord Bacon—as the author of the First Folio, must have passed this pun!

But this local color is not, I think, either necessary to the plot of the Plays or appropriate to their action. That is to say, it either occurs in the by-play of clowns, or else words of it crop into the speeches of the courtly characters where a synonym in vernacular might as well be used. If the shades of Major Jack Downing and Sam Slick could revisit the glimpses of a modern New England moon, they would no longer hear a woodsman talk of "niggerin' his logs"—that is, laying his felled trees across a fire to burn off the smaller limbs, which of course blackened the trunks. And, similarly, Captain Marryat's shade will not hear the captain of a steel battleship cry: "Shiver my timbers!" But if their ghosts should hear those apostrophes anywhere in this eve of the twentieth century, they would know whence they came! Similarly, it seems apparent that, if King Henry the Fifth, in

haranguing his troops before Agincourt, or Hamlet, addressing his father's ghost or soliloquizing upon immortality, uses Warwickshire words, it could not have been because there was no vernacular word to use, or because the situation required the use of these words to make its speaker intelligible to his audience or to himself! The composer must have simply fallen into the use of the dialect word because his tongue or his ear was once accustomed to it. The persistence of dialect forms among illiterate classes, when whole generations of their betters, who imported them, have passed away, is familiar among the Southern negroes, who still say, for example, that a person is a "one-yer" (1 Henry Fourth, II., I., 81), or talk of "toting" a *ton*"—meaning a quantity of anything (Henry Fifth, I., II., 255). But, in New England, where there is no corresponding class, such Shakespeareanisms as "from smoke to smother" (As You Like It) persist, as well as dialectisms like "as easy as a cat can lick her ear," "butter my wristbands," "haul what ye hitch to," etc., in the dominant classes, or did until very recent years.

IV.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON, THE WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WHO PRODUCED THE PLAYS.

So far, the Plays seem to have had a Warwickshire source. Now—to apply the Canon, as in the case of Charles Dickens, David Copperfield and Barnaby Rudge—let us see if there is any confirmation for this apparent Warwickshire source in that floating tradition or common talk or "Report of the vicinage," which English Courts, from the days of Noy and Fortescue to our own, have recognized as most capital and vital in testing questions of Fact!

A man child, William Shakespeare, is baptized in Stratford-on-Avon; he grows up to boyhood there—is apprenticed there—plays his youthful pranks there—a license and a bond to marry are issued to him in the vicinity; he leaves there for London—returns there—purchases estates, real and personal, there; dies there and is buried there! This Stratford-on-Avon William Shakespeare (however Warwickshire penmen propose or care to spell his surname) is commonly reported within this vicinage to be a playwriter and a manager of Theaters in London. Dominie Ward, Fuller and Aubrey so report the facts, the latter remarking that Shakespeare took in the humor of the (his) constable (Dogberry or, perhaps, Elbow) at Grendon-in-Bucks, which is a village on the high road between London and Stratford-on-Avon. Ben Jonson's commendatory effusion prefixed to the First Folio, however we have just discredited him,

is certainly corroborated when he speaks of the Sweet Swan of Avon transferring its flights to the banks of Thames, by his co-composers of commendatory First Folio verses. Leonard Digges, also in mortuary verse in that same volume, speaks of Shakespeare's "Stratford monument," which Sir William Dugdale says was made, along with another to John Combes, by Gerard Johnson. In the Dedicatory Epistle of Ten Players to Philip Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, prefixed to the first edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, the noble Earl is reminded that he and his "now glorified brother" were "patrons to the flowing compositions of the now expired Sweet Swan of Avon." In 1630, some one signing himself "Anonimos" speaks of "travelling through Stratford-on-Avon, most remarkable for the birth of Famous William Shakespeare." Sir William D'Avenant, who was proud to be known as Shakespeare's natural son (why was he proud, unless Shakespeare was Shakespeare?), connects Shakespeare with "the Banks of Avon," in verses written in 1637, and George Daniel, in 1647, writes stanzas again calling Shakespeare "the sweetest Swan of Avon." To the third Folio, again, are prefixed verses by "J. M. S." calling Shakespeare—apparently—"The Plebian Imp" (possibly an allusion to Shakespeare's inillustrious birth—which ought to make Baconians happy). And, finally, Shakespeare, Jonson and Drayton, have a merrie-meeting at Stratford-on-Avon, from the consequences of which Shakespeare contracts a fever and dies, and is buried in Stratford-on-Avon!!! (Jonson and Drayton! Two fellow dramatists! Would they have come down from London, if they had been two shoemakers, to carouse with Shakespeare? But this is not evidence, only plausible probability!) And so, at last, Dr. Platt, the London Dramatist comes to Stratford-on-Avon, and there his mortal remains—or what time has spared of them—rest to-day. whether you want him there or not!!

Here is evidence, the evidence of by-standers, and of the vicinage, of poets, vagabonds, chroniclers, actors, gossips, oafs and churls, given at a date when it was nobody's interest to bribe them to conspire to bear false witness; when Shakespeare was not the foremost man of all the world, but only a friend and a neighbor. And, as Mr. Devecmon says, if you are going to try this case before a jury, what witnesses will you subpœna except those witnesses? Who else are competent either by common law or common sense? Being dead, we unfortunately cannot cross-examine them, though, when they contradict themselves, we can still rule them out. But who have we ruled out as inconsistent with himself except poor old Ben Jonson? And yet even his testimony is, as a matter of fact, unanimously corroborated, and the result is, that William Shakespeare, of London, who writes the Plays, is revealed as

that William Shakespeare—"Shaksper," "Shaxper," "Shagsper," spelled in London, or Warwickshire, or any other fashion you please—whose birthplace, home and grave are and must remain, whether we want them there or not, at Stratford-on-the-Avon!

No true Baconian will ever forgive this William Shakespeare for applying for that grant of arms! But will Dr. Platt or anybody else tell us why a country bumpkin and a grinning yokel should apply for a grant of arms for anybody? If, however, our "bumpkin" has been up to London and caught the infection of court surroundings and has acquired the wherewithal to give that assurance of ability to support the dignity without which it certainly would not be given at all, then it would by no means have been an unusual or an improbable thing for any young man to do, then or now!

V.

ONLY A CHOICE OF DIFFICULTIES BETWEEN BACON AND SHAKESPEARE.

Frankly, there seem to be as many difficulties in the way of Shakespeare's name being Francis Bacon, as there are in the way of its being Shaksper, Shagsper or Shaxper! Perhaps one reason (and some might think it a very good one) why people are so impatient of anti-Shakespearean theories, is that, however dense and squalid and unlettered the sixteenth century condition of Stratford-on-Avon may have been, there was a tradition there that Shakespeare wrote plays and was concerned with theatrical matters; while, however cultivated and refined and intellectual the surroundings of Francis Bacon, there is no tradition that he wrote plays or was concerned with theatrical matters! In order to disbelieve in Shakespeare, therefore, these people say that we must not only explode one set, but assume to account for the absence of another set, of traditions!

Contrariwise, anti-Shakespeareans think Shakespeareans unfair in taking refuge behind the intrinsic and inherent improbability of any Shakespeare at all, whether coming from the Halls of Oxford or from the squalid neighborhoods of Stratford grammar-school, or from anywhere else! Look at the improbability of a Napoleon springing from Corsica, a Mahomet from the deserts of Arabia, an Abraham Lincoln from a hovel with a mud floor in "Egypt," Illinois! Such analogies as these the anti-Shakespeareans consider as only half-analogies, and as supremely unfair. To make them perfect, Napoleon should have returned to Corsica, set up as a country gentleman, and lived and died without mentioning armies or conquests or an Imperial throne; Mahomet should have retired an opulent owner of camels and caravans, and applied for a coat of arms; and Lincoln should have come back, improved the family property, and lived to the end of his days without ever

alluding to such things as the Presidency, or the United States, the Civil War, or the abolition of human slavery!

As to the Baconians proper, Shakespeareans claim that there are mutual concessions due them in order to arrange a platform upon which to examine, certain facts—the fact, for example, that Bacon composed, in intentional doggerel and to fit current hymn-tunes, a paraphrase of the Psalms suited to the meanest capacities, is no more an objection to his capacity to write the Plays, than is the fact that William Shakespeare wrote the lampoon on Sir Thomas Lucy, the epitaph on Elias James, or the quatrain on David and Goliath, an objection to Shakespeare's capacity to write the Plays. So that argument is, as gamesters say, a "stand-off." Another "stand-off" is the fact that against the period of about fourteen years, from Shakespeare's disappearance from Stratford to his appearance as a poet-dramatist in London, an hiatus of about the same number of nearly coincident years (let us say that Shakespeare's hiatus was 1572-1594, and Bacon's, 1574-1590) can be set off in Bacon's life. That hiatus is found in each case to extend from a date when Queen Elizabeth made a pet of Bacon (the son of a lord keeper of England),calling him her "little lord keeper"—through a period in which she refused his advancement, and in which he lived in extreme poverty, was in prison for debt and fled to the continent to avoid creditors—up to a time when she gave him an office on condition that he would aid her Majesty in beheading his own best friend and only benefactor.

Still a third "stand off" is the fact that, if Shakespeare did not mention the Plays in his last Will and Testament, neither did Bacon mention them in his; that it is as easy to conclude that Shakespeare, when he sold out his theatrical and dramatic outfit, plant and good will, included his Plays, and so did not need to allude to them testamentarily, as it is to imagine that Bacon had been writing plays during his unrecorded years, which, in 1623 (when they had ceased to beget revenue), he edited in their collected form for their literary value merely. The only advantage the orthodox Shakespeareans would have gained by this course of reasoning is that, since there was no reason why Lord Bacon should not have claimed the authorship of the Plays in 1623 when collected for the press, the fact that he did not so claim it amounts to an acquiescence in the report that they were Shakespeare's. We must get ourselves out of the habit of thinking that because Shakespeare did not mention them in his will, these plays had become *publici juris,* or *ferae naturae,* like umbrellas, to be picked up by anybody and rewritten or otherwise tampered with by anybody! They were nothing of the sort. On the eighth day of November, 1623, Messrs. Jaggard and Blount, who had al-

ready obtained control of the copyrights of the twenty plays printed in quarto, expressly entered on the books of the Stationers' Company: "Mr. William Shakespeare Comedyes, Histories and Tragedyes. So many of the said copies as are not entered to other men vizt." (here following the names of the sixteen plays)! Down to the publication of the fourth folio in 1685, the ownership of the Plays can be traced without difficulty, and, as I pointed out many years ago, the copyrights in those days were perpetual, and the Act of Anne, of 1709 (8 Anne, c. 19), not being retroactive, did not interfere with that perpetuity. If worth tracing, the present owners of the copyrights of Shakespeare's Plays might, to-day, be found.

However, in view of the doubt at the start, and of its imposing persistence to-day, I remember that lawyers tell us that there is a time to fight and a time to compromise. Believing that the last named occasion has arrived, I venture to respectfully propose that articles of peace between the Shakespeareans and the Baconians be drawn up by Dr. Platt, who is perfectly at home in the councils of both camps, and enjoys the confidence of both, and that these articles be presented for signature to the high contracting parties!

Dr. Platt. Dr. Morgan's subtle flattery is so persuasive that I should have to be either more or less than human not to make an attempt to carry out his suggestion and do something toward nominating terms for a protocol.

In conversation with Dr. Morgan some months ago I came to believe that our views were not so very wide apart after all, and his recent paper confirms me in that opinion. He has his doubts that the Plays were written by the man whose given name was William and whose surname was almost anything beginning with S. My only point of difference with him in this is one of degree. I feel quite sure the Plays were not written by William of Stratford. He feels quite sure that the Plays were not absolutely written by Francis Bacon. I do not feel quite sure that they were not; but I see good reasons for doubting it. He inclines to the belief that they were written by different people acting together with some kind of an understanding. I think that, in a sense, this is not improbable. Dr. Morgan calls this the "syndicate theory." I should prefer to call it the "editorial theory," because I think that any such work would imply the need of an editor, and I believe that if the theory is true the editor was Francis Bacon. So we seem to be approaching the terms of our protocol.

I have never committed myself to the proposition that Francis Bacon wrote the Plays. In fact, I do not know that I have ever committed myself

to any theory on the subject. I did discover what appeared to me to be a curious enigma in one of the Plays and offered what seemed to be a plausible solution of it. No one has offered any other. It may all be an accident. I can conceive it possible that if I take a handful of those little square bits of lettered cardboard with which children play the game called "Logomachy," and throw them on the floor, they may fall in such a way as to form an intelligible sentence; but I consider that to be a very remote possibility. In this connection I wish to call attention once more to the fact that, according to my reading of the anagram in Love's Labour's Lost it is not stated that Francis Bacon wrote the Plays, but that they originated with him. This may be a fine distinction, but it may also prove to be an important one.

Now, having said that I have not committed myself, I will for once be brave and will commit myself. I do not believe that William Shaksper, son of John Shaksper of Stratford-on-Avon, wrote the Plays or the Poems or anything else, and, what is more, I feel quite sure that he did not. In order to give my reason in full for this conviction I should be obliged to write as big a book as William H. Edwards' Shaksper, not Shakespeare, which is a good sized octavo of five hundred pages, and then probably I should not do it as well, and, anyhow, Mr. Edwards has done it already. I consider his book to be convincing on this point, and to it I refer those who wish to study fully the anti-William-Shaksper argument. If they are still dissatisfied, feeling that the author is biassed, let them read what Richard Grant White has to say on the subject. Mr. White's prejudices were surely in the other direction, but he had great trouble in making his way over the shards. He says: "The biographer must record these facts, because the literary antiquaries have unearthed, produced and pitilessly printed them as new particulars in the life of Shakespeare (meaning Shaksper). We hunger, and we receive these husks; we open our mouths for food, and we break our teeth against these stones."—Memoirs of Shakespeare, p. 88.

The fact is, and it is time there ceased to be any dispute about it, that William Shaksper of Stratford was an illiterate person with a talent for money getting, of which money he acquired a large amount, how honestly or dishonestly I do not know, but from some of his proceedings in Stratford I should consider the honesty questionable. However, if I were asked for a single reason which I should consider conclusive, I should offer this: I am perfectly convinced that William of Stratford could not write his own name, as is sufficiently proved by a study of the five so-called autographs, which are not written at all, but drawn from a copy, and badly drawn, as is often the case with illiterate men who acquire property. Is it not very strange

that the most eminent literary man of his time or of any time should have left no correspondence or manuscripts? Of course I know the theory of the destruction of the manuscripts in the fire at the Globe theater (which would have been an extraordinary place to keep manuscripts, anyhow, as any one who has read a description of it must recognize), but did this great literary man have no correspondence, or were all his letters collected in the Globe theater for convenience in cremation and for the purpose of puzzling future generations?

Now, I should like it to be distinctly understood that I am not confusing genius with book learning. But the author of the Plays surely had book learning as well as genius, because he shows in them vast knowledge of facts, and the objective life of William of Stratford shows distinctly entire lack of such knowledge as well as of genius, except that of the genius for money getting.

Moreover, I do not believe that any of the Plays known as Shakespeare's, as we now have them, were ever performed at the Globe theater or any other public theater of that period, for the reason that they are entirely unsuited for the comprehension or entertainment of such audiences as frequented these resorts. This, it appears to me, should be obvious to anyone who has gained the slightest information in regard to the condition of the playhouses of that period, not only from the Baconian literature, but from dispassionate historical works, such as Taine's English Literature, or from the works of ardent pro-Shakespeareans, such as Halliwell-Phillipps or Richard Grant White. Moreover, as the performances at these public theaters had the habit of beginning at three o'clock, it would have been impossible to have given a Shakespearean play during the remainder of the short winter afternoon in London, and in summer the players were "on the road." Of course, I know that plays with similar or identical names were from time to time produced at the Globe, but that by no means proves them to have been identical with the plays we know as Shakespeare's.

To-day, the profession of the actor is an honorable and an honored one. In the times of Elizabeth and James the strolling player or the player at the public theatre was regarded as a mountebank, a vagrant, a pariah. If unlicensed he was subject to a fine, imprisonment and branding. It is true that they were sometimes licensed—as resorts of evil repute are in some cities licensed to-day. For a succinct account of the London playhouse of that period, I refer to Taine's English Literature.

The Plays may, some of them, have been produced at Court or in private theaters, but, if so, I believe this was incidental. I believe the Plays were

written for the deliberate purpose of elevating the English drama, one might almost say of creating it, of enriching English literature, and ultimately, of enhancing the fame of the author, or authors—similar aims to those which have led to the production of all great works of art: in short, the good of humanity. I believe that a contemporary audience was not expected—it certainly was not had—but I believe that the Plays were written for posterity, as Bacon declared he wrote. That they were manufactured by a sordid money-getter for sordid gain is a proposition I will not and cannot accept. It is against all human experience. It is an insult to common sense, to genius and to humanity

It may be said that I am merely stating an opinion and not giving evidence. This is true, but the evidence is open to all men, and it fills a library, and this is the opinion I have deliberately formed from such study as I have been able to give it.

If the author or authors had any contemporary audience in mind, it must have been one composed of people of education and culture, and with the scantiness of both at that day it would have been impossible to have made the Plays profitable unless the author were heavily subsidized, and I never heard of any evidence or even suggestion that he was. Even at the present day, with all our advancement in education and culture, it is difficult to make a financial success of a Shakespearean play, and then only after an enormous outlay for spectacular effect.

Now for Dr. Morgan's points in favor of William of Stratford.

I. The Plays contain Warwickshire dialect. Granted. This goes to prove that the author or one of the authors was familiar with that dialect, but it does not prove that his name was William. It is easier for a man who speaks good English to learn dialéct than for a man whose habitual speech is dialect to learn to speak good English. Besides, Francis Bacon was a relative by marriage of the Lucys of Charleycote. Mr. Spedding prints one of Bacon's letters to Sir Thomas Lucy himself. He was awarded by royal grant a leasehold estate at Cheltenham, twenty-five miles from Stratford. The residence of his wife's step-father, Sir John Packinton, was only a few miles from Stratford in another direction, so that it is not remarkable that he should have learned something of Warwickshire speech and of the local proper names without going far out of his way. Besides, many of these dialect expressions are current also in Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, as well as in Warwickshire.

II. Premature burial is an accident which, in the course of history, has probably occurred or has been rumored to have occurred many times, and

the possibility of it, I suppose, enters into almost everybody's head at some time. I, with all apology to Dr. Morgan, cannot help feeling that the association of Romeo and Juliet with the accident at Stratford is a little far-fetched.

III. There is little doubt that the lampoon on Sir Thomas Lucy is alluded to in the Merry Wives, but William was not the only one who knew of it. Dr. Morgan says it never ceased to be a part of Stratford history. In that case it might easily have come to the knowledge of anybody who was interested, especially of Bacon, who, as we have seen, was connected with the Lucy family.

IV. "The fool slides o'er the ice that you would break," and once a fool did it at Evesham. Well, there is a proverbial saying about skating on thin ice, and Longfellow wrote a line about the Viking skating on ice that "the poor, whimpering hound trembles to walk on." Yet Longfellow was not born at Stratford.

V. "'Arent thee! Witch!" was cried by one woman to another at Stratford, and one of the witches in Macbeth uses a similar rude expression. At the most this only goes to show that there is Warwickshire dialect in the Plays, which I have already admitted.

VI. The Plays contain Warwickshire names. Granted. One of the inns at Stratford is, I believe, to the present day, kept by Mistress Anne Page. Anyhow, it was a few years ago when I was there, and had some of her good "bitter."

VII. A school like the Edward VI. school is held up to ridicule in one of the Plays. Granted. Schools like this were scattered all over the kingdom, and, by the way, this is the school at which, without any evidence, William of Stratford is supposed to have acquired his "education."

VIII. The Chronicles of Raphael Holinshed are freely drawn upon in the Plays, and Holinshed was a Warwickshire man. I admit this, but the circulation of his book was not limited to that county. Dr. Morgan says that often identities of Warwickshire dialect are found in the Plays and in the Chronicles. This would appear to go a long way to explain how Warwickshire dialect got into the Plays.

IX. The fact that the Plays contain puns dependent upon Warwickshire pronunciation proves or suggests no more than has been agreed upon already, that the author was familiar with Warwickshire speech, and his familiarity with Holinshed's book would naturally tend to give his own work something of that local color. Besides, it is very difficult for any one to say now just what the standard pronunciation was at that period. The

pronunciation of a word in Warwickshire to-day may have been its pronunciation in Westminster in 1600. However, I will concede that the author or an author of the Plays was to some degree familiar with Warwickshire dialect, customs and traditions, and that it has given a local coloring to some passages in the plays. The reason for his wishing to give them that coloring I do not understand, but might surmise if the author wished to pass the Plays off as the work of William of Stratford. I do not see that the pro-Stratford argument comes to more than that.

I shall not offer myself as a champion of the idea of Bacon's royal descent, but if he imagined himself to be a son of the Earl of Leicester, whose seat was Kenilworth Castle, in Warwickshire, and who founded the Leicester Hospital in Warwick, would not that fact have an influence in associating Bacon with Warwickshire?

There is one point in the case against William of Stratford which, while sometimes noticed in the writings of the Baconians, has never received the attention which is its due. The writer of the Plays was a gentleman in the sense of a gentle man-of-the-world. He was familiar with the formal and artificially correct manners of polite society and of court circles; one to whom they were second nature. No characteristic of the Plays is more obvious than this. It permeates every pore and fibre of them. The pages are resplendent with the glory of the imperial purple and with the sheen of the royal ermine.

Genius may be innate. Book learning may be acquired in solitude. But knowledge and familiarity—intimate familiarity—with the courtesies and graces, the weaknesses and foibles, the jealousies and the chivalry, the greatnesses and the littlenesses, the intrigues and the sacrifices in the name of *noblesse oblige,* could only have been learned, understood, felt, absorbed and expressed by one accustomed to close association with that most exclusive and artificial set—by one who was a part of it. And yet all these are blazoned forth on "Shakespeare's purple page." Can any one for a moment suppose that the peasant boy of Stratford, the butcher's apprentice, afterward the holder of horses at the door of a low playhouse and then a member of a company of vulgar and despised players—that this man obtained admission to the charmed precincts of the spacious court of Great Elizabeth?

Orthodox Shakespearean scholars tell us that Love's Labour's Lost was written as early as 1588 or 1589—about two years after William of Stratford went up to London—Love's Labours Lost, full of court manners and usages, crowded with classicisms, and, as everybody knows, and Dr. Morgan will admit, containing allusions to matters in the contemporary history of Navarre

which were not prominent or important enough to be known in England till years afterward, if they ever were known! How could this have been the work of the young man who at that period was supposed to be dividing his time between holding horses in front of some theatre and improving the master works of the English drama? On the other hand, Bacon was but lately out of college, was familiar with the court and was in Navarre at the time the events happened. And here it might be noted that it is in the early plays, such as Love's Labour's Lost, that the classicisms are the most frequent and most obtrusive, sometimes almost overpowering the sense! In the later plays they become less frequent, and far less obtrusive. Now this is exactly what we should expect from a brilliant university graduate, who, at the beginning of his career, has the classics fresh in his mind, but, later, is more influenced by his observation of the world. Not at all what we should expect from one whose only school was the world, and whose knowledge of scholarly things, if he had any, must have been of slow growth.

In regard to the authorship of Greene, Marlowe, Montaigne, and the rest, I am not prepared to go into a discussion. One world at a time is enough. But I see no reason why, if Bacon had set himself to the task of re-creating English and other literature, as the Baconians claim, these names may not have represented some of the "able pens" of whom he speaks, or why the works appearing under their names may not have been produced under his editorial supervision. I am by no means certain that this was not the case, but, if it should be proved to be, we are still far from the solution of our main problem.

In a certain sense the idea of a syndicate is certainly very probable. It is hard to conceive that all the lines of the Plays were written by the same hand, conceived by the same brain. The brutalities of Titus Andronicus and the puerilities of Henry VI. were surely not the offspring of the same genius, unless, indeed, they represent a juvenile or adolescent period, that begot the profound philosophy of Hamlet, the rollicking fun of Henry IV. and Twelfth Night, the idyllic beauty of As You Like It, and the stupendous agony of Lear. All of these latter and many others and parts of still more show the master touch of that gentle, humorous, yet titanic *X* that we call Shakespeare.

In another sense the name William Shakespeare certainly stands for a syndicate. Besides the thirty-five plays published in the folio of 1623—the prefatory essays and verses to which contain the first suggestion of the identity of Shakespeare and the player from Stratford—there were published thirteen other plays with the name William Shakespeare on their title pages,

and all of these, with the exception of Pericles, are unanimously rejected as the work of the actor or of the author of the Folio Plays. These Plays are Pericles, Locrine, Sir John Oldcastle, Thomas, Lord Cromwell, Edward III., The Birth of Merlin, Mucedorus, The Merry Devil of Edmonton, the London Prodigal, the Puritan Widow of Watling Street, Arthur of Feversham, The Yorkshire Tragedy, The Arraignment of Paris. Some of these were adopted into the later folios. Now, this goes to show quite conclusively that somebody was or several people were, from 1593 to 1606, using the name William Shakespeare as a pseudonym. By whose authority this was done it is impossible to say. Names were used very loosely in those days. Moreover, there is no evidence to show that there ever was a man named Shakespeare until that name was adopted by William Shakesper at the time of his application for coat armor in 1596; and even after that time he was not consistent, for his Will is signed in two places Shaksper and in one place Shakspar (at least I am told so; I admit I cannot make them out at all). This is more than a mere discrepancy in spelling, for the two names not only must have been pronounced quite differently, but must have been quite different in their etymology, Shaksper being evidently a corruption of Jacques-Pierre, while Shakespeare suggests the wielder of a spear, which latter seems the more suitable cognomen for a family claiming the right to bear arms.

Who was Shakespeare? This compeller of the thunders and the lightnings of the human soul, this hurler of peak upon peak of human passion, and yet so capricious and dainty that he could touch the finest chords of the soul with the finger of superhuman tenderness? This giant—Aristophean in humor Socratic in wisdom, Godlike in strength, Christlike in gentleness—who was he? The butcher boy of Stratford, the player of the Globe theater company, which could have done hardly more than to present bombast and dumb show to the lowest dregs of London, the man who amassed four hundred thousand dollars and then tried to steal the Stratford common, the man who retired to dirty Stratford and brewed beer, and sued his neighbor for thirty-five shillings and sixpence for it; the man who died and left no evidence of ever having had a book or a manuscript; the man who tried to obtain a coat of arms by fraud, and was buried in Stratford church after leaving his wife his second best bed as her sole legacy? This man? No! God save our reason! Was it Francis Bacon? We have heard the argument pro and con. He is the man we should naturally look to, being the most eminent literary, philosophic and scientific man of his age. The man who had declared that he had taken all knowledge to be his province, and had declared

his intention of restoring the reign of enlightenment after almost a millennial and a half of darkness, and whose philosophy is almost paraphrased in the Plays. And yet we are staggered by his few acknowledged attempts at verse which do not seem at all Shakespearean. At least his attempt to translate the Psalms into meter does not, but there seems to be something about the Psalms baffling to genius. Milton's were even worse. However, Bacon"s reputation as a poet need not rest upon them; this sonnet from the "Device of the Indian Prince" is not unworthy of Shakespeare:

"Seated between the Old World and the New,
A land there is no other land may touch,
Where reigns a Queen in peace and honour true;
Stories nor fables do describe no such.
Never did Atlas such a burden bear,
As she, in holding up the world opprest;
Supplying with her virtue everywhere
Weakness of friends, errors of servants best.
No nation breeds a warmer blood for war,
And yet she calms them by her majesty;
No age has ever wits refined so far,
And yet she calms them by her policy;
To her thy son must make his sacrifice
If he will have the morning of his eyes."

Spedding said he doubted if any five lines of Shakespeare could be mistaken for Bacon, or vice versa. Spedding is high authority, but this time, like David, he must have spoken in his haste. It would hardly be fair to collate a love song and a state paper for a comparison of style, but might not the sonnet in "The Device of the Indian Prince" be mistaken for Shakespeare or might not this be mistaken for Bacon: "Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigable authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions; but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal strings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or a scion. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of

the will." Othello I., 3. Now, it would be difficult to find in all of Bacon's works a passage more crowded with his special characteristics than this. The similes of our bodies to gardens and our wills to gardeners are eminently Baconian. The words "gender," "distract," "corrigable," "preposterous," "sect," "permission," are all used in their primary meanings—the meanings of their Latin roots—as was Bacon's custom. "But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal strings, our unbitted lusts" is as characteristic of Bacon as anything he ever wrote. Moreover, the sentiment is in exact accord with Bacon's Essay on Love. Instances of this kind could be multiplied indefinitely. I will cite but one more. In King Lear, Act. I., Sc. 2, Gloster says that "these late eclipses of the sun and moon portend no good," upon which Edmund soliloquizes: "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeit of our own behaviour, we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars; as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on; an admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to a star."

And why should Shakespeare not have written this: "All that which is past is as a dream, and he that hopes or depends upon time coming, dreams waking. So much of our life as we have discovered is already dead; and all those hours which we share, even from the breasts of our mother, until we return to our grandmother the earth, are part of our dying days; whereof even this is one, and those that succeed are of the same nature."—Essay on Death.

One of the most illuminating books I have recently read is "Shakspeare Studies in Baconian Light," by Robert M. Theobald. It is mainly devoted to a discussion of the scholarship shown in the Plays as compared with that of Bacon's works. It is not the mere matter of classical illusions which might be obtained second hand, but the continual use of words in their strict classic sense and the use of classical constructions, rendering the meaning at times obscure until reference is had to Latin roots and constructions; showing that the poet's mind was moulded in classic form. I consider this vastly more instructive than mere resemblances of phrase. Would anyone unfamiliar with classical speech write:

> "I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
> Yet in this *captious* and *intenible* sieve
> I still pour in the waters of my love."
>
> *All's Well, I., 3.*

How can any sense be discovered in this without reference to the Latin words, capio and teneo? The usual reading of Claudio's speech, Measure for Measure, III., 1, is—

> "Aye! but to die and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
> This sensible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod; and the *delighted* spirit
> To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
> In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."

Now, *delighted* is a curious adjective to apply to a spirit under such circumstances. Cowden Clarke suggests *delated,* which means borne away, and, also *accused,* which is decidedly more appropriate in this connection. In Hamlet, I., 2, we have, "Giving to you no further personal power to business with the King, more than the scope of these *delated* articles allow." While Bacon says: "To try exactly the time wherein sound is *delated,* let a man stand in a steeple * * * it is certain that the *delation* of light is in an instant" (Syl. Syl. 209, "Shakespeare Studies, 340). The attempt to reconcile the scholarship of the plays with the actor's known lack of it, leads the critics to most preposterous conclusions. Cowden Clarke, in commenting on the words, "The ruddy drops that visit my sad heart," in Julius Cæsar, says: "It has been said that, in these glowing words, Shakespeare has anticipated Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, which was made in 1608. The poet's intuition taught him many secrets of nature as yet unpromulgated by science to the world, as well as many of those known only to adepts in their several branches of science; and that he had intuitive perception on the subject of the blood's course through the body, witness not only the present passage but also that gloriously expressive one in Measure for Measure, II., 4, where Angelo exclaims: "O heavens! Why does my blood thus muster to my heart?"

In regard to the following passage: "*Shallow*—By yea and nay sir, I daresay my cousin William is become a good scholar! he is at Oxford still, is he not? *Silence*—Indeed, sir, to my cost. *Shallow*—He must be in the Inns of Court shortly." (2 Henry IV., III., 2.) Cowden Clarke says: "This passage shows that a University education was a usual preparatory step in studying at one or the other of the Inns of Court, and gives ground to our belief that very probably Shakespeare may have been a collegian at one of the Universities, and may have subsequently kept terms at one of the Inns of

Court. Still, however, we are willing to allow that with one of his miraculous ability in availing himself of knowledge acquired through intercourse with others, it would have sufficed him to be acquainted with young men who had thus studied at college and at an Inn of Court to become versed in many particulars known to them by their experience."

Now, would it not be wiser, before appealing to the miraculous, to see if some working hypothesis could not be found that would account for the facts? There must be something wrong with views that reduce such an able scholar as Cowden Clarke to a position like this! Lesser critics are driven to a still more pitiable plight. The following is from Mr. Robertson's "Montaigne and Shakspere." After speaking of Venus and Adonis and Lucrece, which he says are "simply manufactured poems, constructed for the market and to secure the patronage of Lord Southampton," he says: "And the rest of the poet's career from that time on seems to have been no less prudently calculated. Having plenty of evidence that men could not make a living by poetry, even if they produced it with facility; and that they could not count on living steadily by the sale of plays, he joined with his trade of actor the business, not merely of playwright, but of part sharer in the takings of the theatre. * * * We are thus dealing with a temperament or mentality not at all obviously original or masterly," and so on and so on. Now I ask if a theory that leads to such lame and impotent results is a satisfactory theory? Why not consider the Baconian theory merely as a working hypothesis, and see if it would not lead us out of this chaotic wilderness of ifs and perhapses? Of course, if anybody agrees with Mr. Barrett Wendell that anybody could have written the Plays simply by paraphrasing North's Plutarch and Holinshed's Chronicles, with the aid, perhaps, of a little eavesdropping at the Mermaid Tavern, he will not need any hypothesis (working, or otherwise), because, to his mind, there is nothing to account for. But it is not likely that anybody does agree with Mr. Wendell. The truth is, the generally accepted theory of authorship does not account for the facts, and has never satisfied the ablest and most scholarly critics. It did not satisfy Coleridge, it did not seem to satisfy Cowden Clarke, nor Halliwell Phillipps, nor Grant White. And who else is satisfied with it?

In the Balcony Scene of Romeo and Juliet, as Romeo is, at the warning of the lark, reluctantly leaving through Capulet's orchard, Juliet calls after him through the darkness, "Romeo!" He stops, listens, and says—well, what does he say? According to the First Folio, he says, "My neece"! That is, of course, impossible! Modern commentators have guessed "my dear" and "my sweet"; "madame" and "nurse," etc; none of which seem to be

very satisfactory. It occurred to Judge Webb* to consult Bacon's handwriting and there he found—to his satisfaction, at least—that the word was "my name," the error arising from Bacon's habit of making the loop of the "m" and "n" at the bottom, instead of at the top. Examination of a facsimile of Bacon's signature as "Fr. Verulam" will make it clear. Here, at last, is this obscurity removed. "My name," Romeo exclaims, as he hears it called through the darkness by the girl, who has found the falconer's voice to lure the tassel-gentle back again! How simple, when suggested! How strange that Bacon's chirography should prove to be the key!

Judge Webb, by similar study of Bacon's writing, has shown that "A Table of green fields" (Hy. V., II., 3) is "A fabled of green fields"; and Pistol's reply to the French soldier (Hy. V., IV., 4), which is printed, "Qualitie! Calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman?" is really "Quality, cullion! Assure me, art thou a gentleman?" Judge Webb seems to have done a little in a practical way to answer the taunt of *cui bono?* so often thrust at the Baconians.

Mr. John Pym Yeatman, in his "The Gentle Shakspere," states that the arms claimed by Shaksper were the same as those borne by Nicholas Breakspeare (Adrian IV.) the only Pope who was an Englishman. This is interesting, if true, but, to me, in a different way from that in which it seems to be to Mr. Yeatman. He thinks it shows that the name of the great Pope, the subduer of the Barbarossa, and that of the actor, were originally identical. If the actor's name had been "Shakespeare," this might have been plausible, but it was not!

One of Halliwell-Phillipps' reasons for denying the genuineness of John Shaksper's alleged Confession of Faith, discovered in 1784, is that the name in it is spelled "Shakspeare," in which way, he says, it was never spelled at that period, which is of course true. The relation between Breakspeare and Shaxpur—which was undoubtedly the pronunciation of the latter—does not seem to be very obvious. But let us look at the matter from another point of view. In Camden's "Remaines of Britaine"—1605—which everybody admits Bacon had a hand in, we find the collocation of the names, Breakspeare, Shake-speare, Shot-bolt, and Wag-staffe. Now, Nicholas Breakspeare was a native of St Albans. Immediately upon his elevation to the papacy, he conferred extensive privileges upon the Monastery of St. Albans, including exemption from all Episcopal jurisdiction except that of Rome itself.

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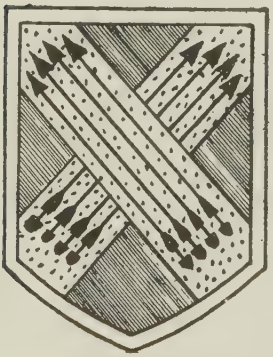
*The Mystery of William Shakespeare, p. 271.

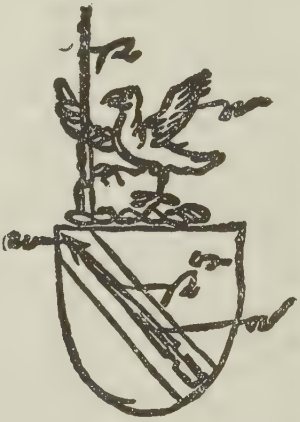
Being so intimately associated as he was with the local history and traditions of St. Albans, does it not seem likely that, if Bacon wished to use a pseudonym, and at the same time associate his work with the actor Shaksper without exactly using his name, the association with the name of the great local hero, might have been what determined his choice? I only suggest this as another strange coincidence.

If this were the case, and the actor knew of it, is it not likely that this is what led to his selection of a design for coat armor when he "decided to change his name to Shakespeare and to become a gentleman" Examination of the Breakspeare arms shows them to be not exactly identical with those claimed by Shaksper, but similar. They are: vert, eight spears in saltire, or, the four in bend dexter surmounted of the four in bend sinister. The accompanying cut shows how naturally one might have suggested the other.

THE BREAKSPEARE ARMS



THE SHAKESPEARE ARMS



And you yourself, Dr. Morgan, have called my attention to the fact that the shadowy British king, Cymbeline (or Conobelinus), of whom even old Holinshed confesses that next to nothing is known except that, in his reign, Jesus Christ, the son of the eternal God, was born of a virgin, held his royal city and capitol at Verulam! But, Dr. Morgan, do you not think it curious that, whenever we scratch the cuticle of a "Shakespeare" reminiscence, we uncover an association with Francis, Lord Bacon? In any case, the relations between the known Bacon and the unknown Shakespeare must have been very close and

intimate, not only as shown by the identity of their philosophy, but by the cryptic references to Bacon throughout the Shakespeare plays, and by numberless items of circumstantial evidence which it would take volumes if not libraries to set forth. I shall not attempt to defend Mr. Donnelly's cipher reading. I have found many inaccuracies in it. I mean inaccuracies in quotations and in the relation of historic events. I do not accept his reading of the cipher and I do not understand how he reaches it. But I do believe that Mr. Donnelly has demonstrated that there is a cipher in the Plays, and that the cipher relates to Francis Bacon, and that this is confirmed by the investigations of many others, each following different lines of investigation and each leading to some connecting link between Bacon and the Plays. These connecting links are too many to be mere coincidences. To me they prove at least an editorial relationship on the part of Bacon.

Only a few days ago, in fact while this debate is going through the press, in reading Grant White's charming Studies in Shakespeare, I alighted upon a discussion of the reading of the gardener's speech in Richard II., Act. III., Sc. 4—"We, at time of year, Do wound the bark," in which is suggested vere or ver in place of year, meaning, of course, at time of Spring. I had always supposed that a word had dropped out, and that it meant, "at this time of year," but, as it suggested Bacon's Essay on Gardens, I turned to that, and found instruction to the effect that if I set out my flowers in certain order, I might have *"ver perpetuum"!* O Dr. Morgan!

In fact, how can there be any question about Bacon's editorial relationship to the Folio when it is remembered that at the time of its publication Ben Jonson was secretary to Bacon and that Ben Jonson was the only man of ability or literary attainments who is palpably seen, by his verses under the Portrait, and his commendatory verses, to have been concerned in the production of the work, Heminge and Condell being obviously lay figures? Moreover, in Jonson's introductory verses, he describes the author of the Plays in the identical language which he elsewhere applies to Bacon—that his work exceeded "all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth." Why, Dr. Morgan, the whole mass of evidence in favor of William Shakesper is not enough to offset these simple facts! So much for the Folio.

Now let us glance at Bacon's acknowledged volumes and see if we can find any light in them. The posthumous collected edition of Bacon's works, edited by his chaplain, Dr. Rawley, is inaugurated by a number of obituary verses collectively called "Manes Verulamiani." These are almost entirely devoted to eulogizing Bacon as—what, a statesman or philosopher?—no, but as a poet. In the course of them occurs this passage:

"Vidit ut hic artes nulla radice retentas,
Languere ut summo semina sparsa solo;
Crecere Pegaseas docuit, velut hasta Quirini
Crevit, et exiguo tempore Laurus erat."

Which I take to convey the idea that he found that the arts associated with Pegasus were insufficiently rooted and languishing, and that he trained them to grow to a bay tree as did the spear of Quirinius. The verses are crowded with references to Parnassus and Helicon and the Muses, and to the poetic arts, but this passage seems peculiarly significant, or at least queer, by reason of the phrase, "hasta Quirini," the spear of the spearsman! I suppose I shall be told that that is an allusion to the myth of Romulus, which I admit, but it is certainly a reference to Bacon, and why should Bacon be called the Spearsman? We know why Romulus was. Ovid says somwhere: "Hasta quiris pricis est dicta Sabinas"—"hinc Romulus dictus est Quirinus," adds the Dictionary. I am willing to admit that in a eulogy of Bacon he might be called "Shakespeare" and "the leader of the Muses" as a joke, or by mere accident. But it is one of those accidents the like of which occurs so frequently as to awake the suspicion of *deus ex machina.*

A few pages further on we find this:

"Qualis per umbras ditis Eurydice vagans
Palpare gestiit Orpheum, quali Orpheus,
Saliente tandem, vix prius crispa, Styge,
Alite fibras lyraeti tillavit manu;
Talis plicata philologon aenigmatis
Petiit Baconum vindicem, tali manu
Lactata cristas extulit philosophia;
Humique soccis reptantem comicis
Non proprio ardelionibus molimine
Sarsit, sed Instauravit. Hinc politius
Surgit cothurno celciore, et ORGANO,
Stagirita viribus reviviscit NOVO."

Here is a rough translation:

"As Eurydice, wandering through the shades of Dis, delighted to soothe Orpheus, as Orpheus touched with his hand the strings of his lyre which before had scarce sounded; just as the Styx leaping at length when fed; even so was

sought Bacon, the restorer, in the enigmas of the learned; and philosophy lured by such a gentle hand exalted her plumes. Not with a private project (i. e., not for his own selfish ends), among busybodies did he patch up the thing crawling on the ground in the socks of comedy, but he Instituted. Hence, it rises refined and with a statelier buskin, and in his Novum Organum he revives with power the work of the Stagirite."

What this means I confess I do not know. What there in the exoteric career of Francis Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord Chancellor of England, that has to do with the buskin and the socks I cannot imagine. If it had not been explained to me by the "scholars" that when he said: "Of these the first is to set forth examples of inquiry and invention according to my method, exhibited by anticipation in some particular subjects; choosing such subjects as are at once the most noble in themselves among those under inquiry, and most different from one another; that there may be an example of every kind. I do not speak of those examples which are joined to the several precepts and rules by way of illustration (for of these I have given plenty in the second part of the work); but I mean actual types and models, by which the entire process of the mind and the whole fabric and process of invention from the beginning to the end, in certain subjects, and those various and remarkable should be set before the eyes. * * * To examples of this kind the fourth part of this work is devoted," he meant anything or everything except what he said—I should have thought he had been disregarding Lady Anne's behest and had been having to do with the things of the mummers. Moreover, I should have thought that when he catalogued among the deficients of his time the great potential educational value of the stage and contrasts that idea with the actual sodden and vulgar condition of the stage,** I had a clew to the meaning of his eulogist. Perhaps the very "clew of Gnossus."*

Is it not strange that all the facts and traditions regarding William Shakesper should be of such a sordid nature? Poaching, writing a scurrilous lampoon, his obtaining a license to marry Anne Whateley of Temple Grafton one day and executing a preliminary bond to marry Anne Hathaway of Shottery on the following day? (A lady widely known for her intelligence

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*Manes Verulamiani — Francisci Baconi Opera Omnia — London, MDCCXXX.

**De Augmentis—L. II. Cap. XIII. Spedding, Vol. VIII. p. 439.

and culture, upon hearing this story, remarked that William must have been something like the darkie who, after obtaining a marriage license, found that the clerk had inserted the name of the wrong woman, and that it would cost a dollar to make the correction. "Oh, well! dar ain't no dollar's wuth of differ'nce 'tween Rosy and Sal. I'll just take Sal.") As there is no record of any marriage ceremony, it is yet uncertain which Anne got the second best bed. Then we are told that he got drunk at Bidford and spent the night under an appletree, and in the end died as the result of a debauch. Of course, these stories may not all be true, or, if true, any one might have occurred in the life of a man of genius. But is it not strange that nothing has come down to us about this man but that which, if not absolutely base, is at least sordid? Not one tradition of a good, noble or generous act?

Now for Dr. Morgan's syndicate hypothesis. I cannot conceive of a syndicate of genius. There may readily have been many people engaged upon what might be called the hack work of the Plays—the many "able pens"; but we are still confronted by the phantom of the titanic *X*—the gentle and the godlike, the tender and the thunderous, the humorous and the ever human Shakespeare. He could have been no syndicate, though he may have had helpers. Was he William the play actor and brewer? No. Was he Francis Bacon, the philosopher? It may be, and evidence at present seems to tend in that direction. Was he some great genius yet unknown to us by name. It is possible.

As yet we can see but dimly through the mists of history and tradition, but it is to be hoped, and, I believe, that it will not be long, before the mists will roll away and we shall stand face to face with this glorious protagonist, not only of our race and language but of all humanity.

This is not the place to discuss the relations of Bacon to Essex, but, as Dr. Morgan has called attention to the matter, I will suggest that if Bacon had allowed the favors he had received, years before, to influence him in the discharge of his official duty, he might justly be accused of bribery. Brutus's sacrifice of his sons might be criticized as unnecessarily harsh, but I do not see how it can be considered treacherous. In the matter of Bacon and Essex, I refer to James Spedding's "Evenings with a Reviewer," in which Bacon's traducer, Macauley, is, to use Grant White's words, "slowly ground to fine dust." Let Dr. Morgan beware!

I propose the following as terms of peace:

I. The Plays and Poems known as Shakespeare's were not written by William, the son of John Shaksper of Stratford-on-Avon.

II. They were issued under the editorial supervision of Francis Bacon.

III. There is strong circumstantial evidence to show that they were actually written by Francis Bacon.

IV. If they were not written by Francis Bacon, they were written by some genius unknown to us by name, with Bacon's coöperation.

V. The spirit of the whole series of Plays and Poems is dominated by one man, though he might, and probably did, have helpers and coadjutors.

Will Dr. Morgan sign this protocol?

DR. MORGAN SUGGESTS AMENDED ARTICLES.

I.

Dr. Morgan. Few people, indeed, possess Dr. Platt's happy art of concise statement, and of placing himself and his readers, without prolegomena or parentheses,at once *in medias res.*

For my part (as Horace, I think, says all ordinary people do), "when I labor to be brief I become obscure." Dr. Platt, indeed covers the entire anti-Shakespearean and Baconian case. For, on careful reading, I am unable to note that he has omitted allusion to a single phase of either theory, in his admirable rejoinder to my propositions.

A correspondent of the Saturday Review of the New York *Times* lately asserted that no one ever thoroughly and patiently examined the anti-Shakespearean case without becoming a convert. Perhaps the reason why there are so few converts is, because anti-Shakespearean protagonists write such bulky books that they frighten readers away—that life is too short, and pressure of current and less recondite literature too strong, to give more than one reader or so in a million the requisite time for such thorough and patient examination as would make him a gentle convertite. Perhaps another reason is, because the anti-Shakespeareans write with such confessed feeling, that few, unless naturally attracted to destructive criticism, will deliberately peruse books which at the outset demand that their readers become "offensive partisans."

Perhaps they print too many "parallelisms." Instead of relying upon a few strong ones which would compel assent, they present thousands, in which the sought-to-be-converted man invariably picks out the weakest and so kicks successfully against the pricks and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely!

If anti-Shakespearean writers could state their case with Dr. Platt's absence of feeling—with his insouciance (I might almost say, his abandon)—I am afraid converts would be as plenty as blackberries.

The pity of it is, that after saying this much, I must be my own object lesson and frightful example. For, although having already gone to such unwarranted lengths, I find myself unable to even send back Dr. Platt's protocol with amendments, without further trespass. But I will endeavor to put what I have to say under Dr. Platt's five Theses.

Taking them inversely, then:

1. To Dr. Platt's thesis V. I cordially subscribe.

2. I am afraid Dr. Platt's theses I., II., III., and IV. call for capitulation rather than compromise. Dr. Platt should not exactly ask me for unconditional surrender. I would rather surrender to him than to any man I know. But, as lawyers say, "there are innocent parties who must be protected." Fortunately, I am only representing myself and cannot, if I would, give away the entire body of Shakespeareans and their case. But I admit that those were the days of "ciphers." As Delia Bacon says:

"It was a time when the cipher, in which one could write 'omnia per omnia,' was in request—when even 'wheel ciphers' and 'doubles' were thought not unworthy of philosophic notice. It was a time, too, when the phonographic art was cultivated and put to other uses than at present, and when a nom de plume was required for other purposes than to serve as the refuge of an author's modesty or vanity or caprice. It was a time when puns and charades and enigmas and anagrams and monograms and ciphers and puzzles were not mere sport and child's play: when they had need to be close and solvable only to those who should solve them."

Not only was this true, but those were the times when rhetoricians and teachers of rhetoric, like George Puttenham and others, offered elaborate directions for constructing these devices; times when, we must remember, there was no inviolability of mails or despatches, and spies and "cheaters" were everywhere. I admit, further, that I have been shown so many curious things, claimed to be "ciphers," in the First Folio, in all of which the words "Bacon," or "Francis Bacon," appear, that I have more than once beaten a retreat and refused to see more, simply because I had no means of confuting and did not wish to believe. But, even if they are conceded, these ciphers are only in the First Folio, published after Shakespeare's death, and not in the Quartos, published during Shakespeare's life, when he could have protested against his work being seized by some one else—had he cared to do so. I admit that this sounds like a *pis aller*. But it is the most and the least

I dare to say; except that, if I concede, as Dr. Platt urges, that "there are too many coincidences" pointing to Bacon, he must also concede that (as I showed) there are also "too many coincidences" pointing to William Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare, from what I can gather from the records and the opinions of his contemporaries, was a mighty good fellow and boon companion—a successful manager, actor and playwright, all in one, like the late Dion Boucicault (who, by the way, when he took off his eyeglasses, bore a striking resemblance to the mortuary bust in Trinity Church, Stratford). I probably never will again know so brilliant a man in his countless lines as Mr. Boucicault was. But he took what he wanted—on the principle of Mr. Kipling's "When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre," etc., I suppose. I once remarked to Mr. Boucicault that, in one of his plays, I recognized Byron's "curse," in Manfred, and a speech of Jaffier, in Otway's Venice Preserved. He admitted it, and seemed very proud that I had recognized the passages. He could, on a pinch, go into rehearsal of a morning, with a play in his head, describe it to his company, go on at night and make the house rise at him, and create a run so tempestuous and continuous that he would not have time to write the play on paper. His plays, hundreds of them, bristled with everything that he had ever heard or seen acted. Lester Wallack said "The Shaughran" contained "a piece of every play that was ever put on a stage." Boucicault was not only a wit, but the cause of wit in others, and I often told him, and said it in print, that he was like what I believe Shakespeare to have been. Now, when actors tell me that the First Folio Shakespeare plays can be acted as they stand—that every rule is observed to possess the audience with the action at the proper time, and to hold its interest up to the dénouement, that every carpenter's scene is in its place, and every situation practicable—I must confess that I cannot assign the plays in their entirety to a jurist and an inductive philosopher. And when my library tells me that among technical people in every other walk in life—physicians, alienists, lawyers, soldiers, engineers, and all the rest—each finds his own specialty accurately handled in those wonderful plays, I must cry pardon if some such an universal sort of genius for helping himself to the unsuspected best that was in his predecessors as Mr. Boucicault was, arises in vision before me!

Poor Green, at least, did not think Shakespeare an innocuous illiterate! The "upstart crow beautified with our feathers" was, as he sadly confessed, too much for his competition at least. Poor Ben Jonson did not despise the rivalry of Shakespeare, whose genius left Jonson's plays only empty houses to be played to, and himself unable to even pay for a sea coal fire. Indeed,

Jonson threatened to "go leave the loathed stage," where the "mouldy tale, like Pericles, and stale," touched by the magic hand of Shakespeare, filled theaters from pit to dome and went through six editions in quarto. (He seemed, indeed, to have been the original raiser of the cry about "the deterioration of the stage," which we hear every little while to-day, when a newcomer finds himself outclassed or superseded by a new arrival, or some outsider proposes to kindly "elevate" it!) If Jonson's patron, Lord Bacon, wrote Pericles, his lordship might not have felt or been very gracious to his hanger-on, Jonson, under this fire!

While I never had a very high opinion of Ben Jonson's commendatory verses as evidence, we must concede that his not being afraid to ask those who had known Shakespeare, "the sweet swan of Avon," (i. e., William son of John") to recognize him as the author of that lofty First Folio (enriched by thousands of new lines and embracing sixteen entire new comedies and tragedies), proves something as to the reputation which that one Mr. Shakespeare of the Avon had left behind him.

The burning of the Globe theater, the great fire of London, the correspondingly large fire at Stratford, and the razing of New Place by that delightful clergyman, the Rev. Francis Gastrell, would rather effectually have removed any books or manuscript records which otherwise Baconian theorists would have had themselves to account for. And they supplement the work of the above named destroyers by throwing out of court not only the testimony of those we enumerated a moment ago—Fuller, Ward, Aubrey and Oldys—as to Shakespeare's intercourse with his fellow dramatists, but that of Drayton, Greene, Marlowe, Chettle, Basse, and a score of others who, in one way or another, were among Shakespeare's personal literary acquaintances If Dr. Platt could only annihilate Ben Jonson as well, he would succeeed in removing a considerable stumbling-block to the Baconian theory. Baconians will find it very hard work to prove that Ben Jonson's quarrel with Shakespeare (when he found his own plays unable to pay for a sea coal fire while Shakespeare's filled the theaters) was really Jonson's quarrel with his employer and patron, Bacon. And, when Ben Jonson survived both Bacon and Shakespeare, his tender regard for the memory of his rival was equalled only by Coke's magnanimity to his bitter rival, Bacon. For either Coke or Jonson by a word could have destroyed his rival's good name among men by announcing him the imposter who hired Shakespeare to write his plays for him!

If, as the Baconians claim to have themselves demonstrated, Ben Jonson lampooned Shakespeare in "Poet Ape," "The Poetaster," "Bartholomew

Fair," "Timber or Discoveries," "Ode to Himself," "Every Man in his Humour," and elsewhere, then it was again Bacon, and not Shakespeare, who was Jonson's enemy. And when sometimes Shakespeare would reply through his own plays, between whom stood the quarrel then? As when Jonson taunts Shakespeare with writing plays like the son of a fishmonger, Shakespeare good-naturedly retorts that he "would he were so honest a man," and (when Jonson makes one of his characters a farmer who had spent his savings in buying up the entire supply of corn, hoping for a bad season, and who, when he sees that the crop is going to be plentiful, and his "corner" opened, hangs himself), Shakespeare makes his drunken porter in Macbeth recognize, among those who knock for admission at Hell-Gate, "a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty," between whom are these pleasantries passed? Between Bacon and Jonson, or between Bacon and Shakespeare? And when, in Hamlet, Shakespeare alludes to Jonson's surrender to the Children's Companies, is it Bacon's surrender that he means?

But, if Bacon really inspired the First Folio, we have a new series of facts to contend with, which cannot be dispossessed by the fainéant proposition that Ben Jonson, who admits a part in it, was at that time Bacon's secretary. These facts are as follows:

First, the Editors put forward are John Heminge and Henry Condell. These two men were partners of Shakespeare, Heminge being himself Warwickshire born. They are mentioned (the Stratford-on-Avon man named) in Shakespeare's Will, where he leaves each of them "twenty-six shillings and eight pence apiece to buy them rings." Their language with reference to him, seven years after he died, is affectionate and reverent. To them, the writer of Shakespeare's plays was Shakespeare, their old friend, their fellow player, their comrade. Heminge, when the Folio was published, with his sanction, was sixty-eight years old—a time of life when the judgment is mature and when a man knows the world. Did Bacon deceive these men, and not only these, but I. Jaggard, E. Blount, William Smithwick, and W. Ashley—who sign the colophon—with whom they were associated in the publication of the Folio, or did he bribe them? Let alone any theory that a secret cipher, a thing dependent on absolute accuracy, either would, or could, be intrusted, by a scholar or by anybody, to a book containing thousands of typographical errors, even printing the names of performers for the characters they personated, is not the least stumbling-block encountered. But, assuming that Bacon did obtain access to this Folio, how did he manage it? And why did he forge the Dedication and, in the Address of Heminge and Condell, use such words as "It hath been a thing, we confess, worthy to

have been wished that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings; but since it hath been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain, to have collected and published them." If this sentence were written to throw dust in our eyes, I must admit it very cleverly does.

But Dr. Platt says the name of THE PLAYER was never written "S-h-a-k-e-s-p-e-a-r-e!" How about that "Petition from the Lord Chamberlain's Players to the Right Hon. the Lords of thier Majesties most Honorable Privee Councell"—dated 1596? The first five names are: "Thomas Pope, Richard Burbage, John Heminge, Augustine Phillips, William SHAKESPEARE [*sic*]!

And so little impression did the spelling of a man's name make in those days that even careful chroniclers disregarded it. For example: William Camden, a precisian, in his "Remaines concerning Britaine" spells it SHAKESPHEARE! The difference of opinion between the elder and the younger Weller as to whether their joint patronymic began with a "Ve" or a "We" was the monition of a later date. "Shakespeare" with two "h"s was good enough for William Camden! In the Folio Edition of Ben Jonson—1616—we find at the end of Every Man in his Humour, the following note: "This comoedie was first acted in the yeere 1598 by the then L. Chamberlayne his Servants. The principall Comoedians [actors] were Will Shakespeare, Aug. Philips, Hen Condel, Will. Slye, Will Kempe, Ric Burbadge, Joh Henings, Tho Pope, Chr. Beeston, Joh Duke, with The Allowance of the Masters of Revells." At the end of Sejanus, the entry is: "This tragœdie was first acted, in the yeere 1603 By the King's Majestie's servants. The Principall Tragoedians [actors] were Ric. Burbadge, Aug. Philips, Will Sly, Joh. Lowin, Will Shake-Speare, Joh. Hemings, Hen Condel, Alex Cooke, with the allowance of the Master of Revells!" Clearly, this orthography proves too much! Especially when the last and enacting signature to the Will seems to be (at least as I read it) *"Shakespeare"*—S-h-a-k-e-s-p-e-a-r-e. But if Dr. Platt insists: I must call his attention to the fact that the ununiform spelling occurs in entries made in the London theatrical records, as well as in the personal records in Warwickshire. For example (*inter alia*), Malone found the record, "MESURE FOR MESUR, BY SHAXBERD," as of 1604-5. If the writer of that entry spelled Measure for Measure, "Mesure for Mesur," not even spelling the word "measure" twice alike in one entry of three words, why should his contemporaries hesitate about spelling Shakespeare, the name of an unknown or unimportant man, a word "not in the dictionary," as we would say now, in any haphazard or convenient way? In the name of the

Prophet—Figs!!! I fail to see even what difference spelling the name "Shagsper" (as it sometimes appears in the Stratford records) would have upon the questions, "Who was Shakespeare?" "Was he Francis Bacon?" Nor has Dr. Platt so far in this Debate vouchsafed me any light as to what difference it can possibly make!

And how about the two noble brothers who accept the Dedication of a Fraud? What of Pembroke and Montgomery? They had personally known Shakespeare. They had been kind to him? Why? Could they not tell whether he was a clever man or an idiot, or a good fellow and nothing more? They had not only approved the plays; they had favored "the author." What author had they favored? When Heminge and Condell spoke thus to them about a man whom they had once known and personally favored, and called him by name, and deplored him as dead, to whom did they suppose this reference to be made? Surely not to the Viscount of St. Albans, who was then still living! How does it happen that in a book in which Bacon was subtly laboring to record and transmit to posterity a vital secret with respect to himself, he should have taken, or allowed to be taken, such extraordinary precautions to tempt men of rank and substance to protest against being used to bolster up a fraud?

Baconians cannot be permitted to use an argument to triumph over Shakespeareans and refuse to allow Shakespeareans to employ that same argument in reply. But this is exactly what they all do. For example, while insisting that his evidence is cumulative (or,as he prefers to naïvely put it, shows "too many coincidences") Dr. Platt whistles down the wind, one by one, my nine propositions pointing to William Shakespeare of Stratford. Just as I might whistle down the wind, one by one, all the points made by Dr. Platt. Whatever their strength, in either case, it is like the bundle of brittle rods, which, bound together, Jupiter himself could not break.

As to Mistress Shakespeare, née Anne Hathaway, I am surprised that so chivalrous a gentleman as Dr. Platt should breathe a word against her fair renown. That she was an attractive lady is proved, not only by the circumstance of her winning a Shakespeare, but by the fact that she was not long permitted to remain his widow, but within a decent time after his demise, became Mrs. Richard James, and a second time consort of a Stratford burgher of substance and good repute!

Of course, the whole question at issue—the very one I offered to try and compromise on—is restated in Dr.Platt's first postulate, or thesis, viz: "The plays and poems known as Shakespeare's were not written by William, the son of John Shaksper of Stratford."

Is it not enough that I admit that there are fifty thousand items in the Shakespeare plays to which the "William son of John" could not have had access, even at second or third hand? To some of these items he would hardly have found access to-day, except by patient labor and considerable expense. Is it not enough that I myself suggested a compromise on this very proposition? What Dr. Platt asks is capitulation and not compromise!

And, again, Dr. Platt, how about the some sixty or seventy editions of Quartos printed in Shakespeare's own lifetime? How about the fifty-one printers and publishers of them?* Did Queen Elizabeth and her entire administration threaten these fifty-one with the block? How about all the compositors and workmen employed by these printers and publishers? How about all the attachés of all the theaters in London (rival theaters, by the way, not in a theater trust, but at each other's throats all the time)? How about all London, the town where Shakespeare lived and moved and had his being?

No, Dr. Platt, you and your Baconians prove yourselves out of court. You prove entirely too much when you prove William Shakespeare to have been an oaf who could not write his own name—a letterless clown, a "chump," a yokel and a grinning idiot. In the first place, no sane man, Bacon nor anybody else, would have selected a notoriously dull fool for a tool or substitute! To have done so would have been to have exposed himself beyond denial. In the second place, these above enumerated publishers, et al., could not have been fooled. It is all very well to say the Shakespeare plays were not known to be works of immortal genius in Shakespeare's own day. I have rung the changes on that proposition myself for many years, and it is as true as Holy Writ. But, all the same, the Shakespeare plays were appreciated enough to pack the theaters, to show to a profit "on the road" (vide Dr. Platt), to be published in quarto form by publishers, and to be peddled and sold by the thousands in London streets. And yet we are to admit that all London was made to believe that what they thronged to see and what they bought was the work of a man who did not know how to write, even mechanically, who never owned a library or a book, and could not read a book if he had one: an idiot, a bumpkin, a "chump," a grinning yokel!

As to the ciphers—Mr. Donnelly's, Dr. Owen's, Mrs. Gallup's, in the First Folio, and Mr. Black's, Dr. Bucke's, and Mr. Donnelly's in the "Good Frend for Jesus' Sake," etc., carved on the slab in

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*See list in Vol. XIV. of the Bankside Shakespeare, page xliv.

Stratford Church, I am afraid I am not built to believe in that sort of thing at all. I don't want to speak slightingly of the late Mr. Donnelly, but when, in his last book, "The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone," I read such sentences as these: "Clearly, before Francis Bacon put pen to paper to write these plays he had mapped out the cipher story, and had his pages blocked off in little squares, each square numbered according to its place from the bottom or top of the page. He next adjusted the length of his columns and their subdivisions, to enable him to use significant words like "written," "playes," "Shakst," "spur," etc., over and over again; and, when all this was in place he proceeded to write out the plays, using his miraculous ingenuity to bring the right words in the proper positions." (page 191), to say that I do not believe anybody will believe this, is to say all that I feel would be decorous to the memory of the late Mr. Donnelly. And, if one cannot swallow the above statement, it would be useless to strain at the further statement (p. 100) that "the cipher depended upon the pagination of a contemplated folio which was not published until after the death of Shakespeare, Queen Elizabeth and Cecil." Imagine anyone writing thirty-six plays, averaging four thousand words each, in which a cipher should run up and down and across (until Mr. Donnelly confesses, p. 193, that its vastness oppresses even him), and be revealed by the paging of a book to be printed some forty years later!

As to the cipher on the tombstone in the incantation, "Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear," etc., Mr. Donnelly was clearly in error in stating, on page 131, that "the original stone was removed." The "blest be the man that spares these stones" was quite as potent as the "curst be he who moves my bones," and, when the original stone sank beneath the pavement of the chancel step, the new stone was simply placed above it.

Mr. Donnelly was also in error, I am sure, in stating (p. 361) that Shakespeare's grave was made "seventeen feet deep!" in order to accommodate the manuscripts of the Plays, or other documents revealing the truth as to their composition. That depth would have carried it from ten to twelve feet below the level of the river Avon, which flows directly in the rear of Trinity Church, and but a few feet distant. To have gone to such a depth would have required the work of hydraulic engines inside the church, which we know never were introduced there! Nor could such an operation (which would have required weeks, if not months, with the machinery at hand in Stratford-on-Avon in 1616) have been performed between the day of Shakespeare's death and the day of his funeral; and his grave was not dug in anticipation of his death at a merrymaking with Drayton and Jonson! I

am aware that, as to the loss of the first tombstone, and the depth of the grave, Mr. Donnelly apparently follows the high authority of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps. But upon the appearance of these statements in one of the early editions of the Outlines, others besides myself called his attention to them, and he admitted to me that the authorities he (Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps) followed must have been in error, or, at least, that the "seventeen foot" story was incredible.

A COMPROMISE SUGGESTED.

Is it beyond human possibility that a certain nobly born scholar and man of leisure, of literary instincts and dramatic tastes, in London, in and about the spacious courts of great Elizabeth, may have been attracted by the series of plays coming from an unknown playwright before which even the star of Marlowe paled, at whose presence lesser lights grew dim? Could not Francis Bacon perhaps have known Marlowe, or seen Marlowe's plays performed? and if Marlowe's, why not Shakespeare's, which surpassed them a thousand-fold, not only in supreme excellence, but in the public demand? Would it have been so very remarkable if Francis Bacon, who, in his youth proudly proposed to "take all knowledge as his province," had sought out this William Shakespeare of whom all London was talking! Would it not have been something still more remarkable if he had not? Shakespeare, with whose name the town rang! Shakespeare, whose reputed dramatic pieces fifty-one publishers found commercial profit in pirating! Francis Bacon could at least read and hear! His detractors will probably concede that much! Did this Francis Bacon, for Shakespeare's accommodation, become all at once blind and deaf and dumb? Against my will, surely against my inclination, I have been slowly forced to some such conclusion as this. To find thousands of lines, and these the noblest in written speech—lines that we certainly know were not necessary to the action of those plays—lines that would not have appealed to the audiences of those days, but would have actually wearied them and jeopardized the plays' success—that would have swelled the plays to a length impossible to be performed within "the two hours' traffic of our stage"—to find these thousands of lines added to the first Quarto versions, how is it possible to escape from some such conclusion? To play Hamlet as we have it in the First Folio—where it is even shorter than it is in the second Quarto—even with the swiftest "business" requires a full four hours! And yet it was not only repeated in long runs in those days, but we have the log of the ship *Dragon,* off Sierra Leone, in September, 1607, that it was played by a ship's company (a record which, besides being the earliest mention of private theatricals, is invaluable as showing that

Shakespeare's plays were popular, and so must have been commensurate with the tastes of the day!). For almost twenty years I held to Grant White's theory that the first Quarto was a rapid stenographic abstract of the real play as acted. But in the teeth of the facts now known, we must now, most reluctantly, I fear, abandon it!

But this I know from my own brief experience, viz: That if Mr. X paraphrases Mr. Y's book and prints the result as his own, he will, as sure as the sun rises and sets, appendix to his paraphrase a "List of works consulted," and from this list, while parading every dead and gone authority therein, he will most carefully and studiously omit the name of Mr. Y or any remotest reference to the book or the author he has paraphrased, followed, stolen *en bloc!* I am obliged to confess that, to my mind, the very fact that Lord Bacon never, by any accident, in all the voluminous memorabilia he has left behind him, so much as by a syllable mentions his most immortal contemporary, William Shakespeare, is confirmation strong as holy writ that he knew him very well indeed!

But, be this as it may, would it have been an impossible thing that, after the death of Shakespeare, Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, finding that these incomparable plays were neglected or forgotten, himself attempted to restore them to his countrymen? Who else was there alive, at a date (1623) when all interest in dramatic matters was dead or in abeyance—when Puritan influences discouraged any attempt to resurrect it—who would undertake the labor and the disbursement?

How are we to escape, for example, these three "coincidences," if you please?

I. *The First Quarto Hamlet, 1603.*	*Second Quarto Hamlet, 1604.*
Doubt that in earth is fire,	Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the stars do move.	Doubt that the sun doth move.

Now, it appears that, between 1603 and 1604, Bacon wrote a pamphlet, Cogitatione de Natura Rerum, in which he combated the theory that the earth is fire and molten at the core, and asserted that it is a cold mass. That he disputed the Copernican system everybody knows.

II. *The Second Quarto Hamlet, 1604.*	*First Folio Hamlet, 1623.*
Sense, sure you have,	(Omitted).
Else could you not have motion;	Restored in modern editions.
	Act III. Sc. IV., 71.

It also appears that, in the 1605 edition of the Advancement of Learning, Bacon held to the doctrine of the old philosophers, that everything that moves has sensibility, or is capable of sensation, but that, in his 1623 edition, he expressly declared the doctrine untrue, and that there could be motion in inanimate and insentient bodies—as, for example, in the planets.

III. Othello was first published, in 1622, in Quarto (Shakespeare having died in 1616). In 1623 it was reprinted in the Folio, with many important additions, among which was this passage:

> "Like to the Pontic sea,
> Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps right on
> To the Propontic and Hellespont."

A short time previously Bacon had been studying the phenomena of tides and currents, and had discovered the fact that the current in the Bosphorus always runs from east to west. He derived it from George Sandy's Travels, published in 1615, and used it in his posthumous treatise, De Fluxu et Refluxu Maris, written after 1615, and before 1623. (The fact that Sandy's book was published the year before Shakespeare died does not deprive this specification of its value as a coincidence). We are not at present asking where anything came from, but how something got into something else!

What has always led me to seriously contemplate a possible connection of Lord Bacon with the appearance of the First Folio, in 1623, is the fact that, at that date, its appearance at all is hardly explicable, except upon the theory that some one (not of Shakespeare's family, who did not own the copyright to a single one of the Plays, and who indicated no interest in his renown as a dramatist or playwright), or of Shakespeare's fellow actors (who were not persons of means), went to the large expense of getting it out, precisely in the year (1623) when Mrs. James, sometime Shakespeare née Hathaway, died, so that any residuary term under the will in her, or any secret trust deed in her, would have lapsed as to her claim to literary property in the Plays. It was rather a costly book. Allowing for an edition only five hundred copies the outlay must have been, in our present values, from $9,700 to $13,900.00*, accordingly as we take Halliwell-Phillips' estimate of from twelve to twenty times for the purchasing value of money in those

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*New Shakespeareana, Vol. II., page 27.

days—that is, as it then was, from four to seven thousand dollars. As no trace can be discovered of any interest in Shakespeare, or even of a mention of his name, except inferentially by one of his family or of his late confidantes, between the years 1616 and 1623, there certainly was no commercial demand to justify the outlay. Nor did the First Folio operate as a "boom." The Second Folio was probably a "remainder" from the First, as, except that the hopeless pagination of the First Folio was corrected therein, it is page for page and line for line a duplicate. Mr. DeVinne tells me that the type of that day was so heavy it would have been practically impossible to keep the matter "standing" for seven years. But whether a new impression or a remainder, here it is. We know there were no processes for stereotyping. It by no means follows, of course, that Lord Bacon was the person, not of Shakespearean lineage and not one of his fellow actors, who advanced this considerable sum of money to launch the First Folio. But, fully allowing for the non-sequitur, he was liberated at that date from his chancellorship; had been interested in theatrical matters; had a theory that stage plays should be encouraged as making "History visible" to the people (thereby inculcating patriotism and divers other desirable things), and the probability is not one to be passed without consideration, especially as he had put into prose, in the year 1621, a History of King Henry the Seventh, the only sequent king whose reign had not been used by Shakespeare as a dramatic theme!

Such are some of the coincidences which shower upon me whenever I stir abroad without my umbrella! Here is another!

Taking up a copy of "Falstaff in Equity," by my good friend, Judge Charles E. Phelps, of the Supreme bench of Baltimore, I believed myself safe; for I knew he, at any rate, was no "Baconian." But this is what I read on page 130:

VI. "One of the famous controversies of the day, the decision of which settled the action of assumpsit upon a firm basis, was Slade's case, reported by Coke. The Courts being divided in opinion, the case was twice argued before all the judges of England. Francis Bacon was of Counsel, and associated with him as attorney on the same side was a lawyer named John Halstaff. The case was pending from 1596 to 1602. When the author of the First Part of King Henry the Fourth found himself obliged, in 1597, to find some other name to substitute for the offensive Sir John Oldcastle, and to find it in a hurry, did he get it from the name of John Halstaff?" Seriously, I do not believe even so ardent a Shakespearean as I am can refuse an invitation to save William Shakespeare by a compromise, when, in the house of his friends, his loyalists are constantly being irritated with such bombshells as these!

I, therefore, return Dr. Platt's protocol (saving and reserving to myself the right to claim, at another time, that I have never discovered, or heard of anybody demonstrating, any internal evidence in the Poems and Sonnets to show that they were written by the same man that wrote the Plays—i. e., by either Shakespeare or Bacon), amended as follows:

I. The plays known as Shakespeare's were produced in London as William Shakespeare's between the years 1584 and 1616, and were repeatedly printed and reprinted as his, in quarto, without cavil or demurrer from anybody, except Richard Green, and perhaps a few other rival playwrights.

II. As they stand in the First Folio, the Shakespeare plays are the product of either the growth, or the augmentation by their author or authors, of the Quarto versions, and contain thousands of eloquent lines and twelve out of sixteen entire plays, which, so far as any record can be discovered, never saw the light in Shakespeare's lifetime, or until seven years after his death.

III. There are so many thousands of identities of thought, opinion, circumstance, error and simultaneous correction of error, in the literatures we call respectively "Shakespeare" and "Bacon," and so many coincidences between Bacon's known circumstances, doings and studies, and the material of certain Shakespeare plays, that it is a well-nigh successful demonstration that Bacon had more or less to do with the issuing of the first folio edition of the Shakespeare plays.

IV. The Baconian theory, so called, has arrived at a point where it cannot be longer safely ignored. It is a monster of such frightful mien as, to be hated, needs but to be seen. But seen too oft, familiar with its face, we first endure, then pity, then embrace. The only safety is to look the other way; or to say: "There is absolutely nothing in it."

V. (Dr. Platt's V.) The spirit of the whole series of Plays is dominated by one man—though this man might have had, and probably did have, helpers and coadjutors.

(As to the last article, I would like to add, that the most successful part refutation of the Baconian, or any other, anti-Shakesperean theory, is that which shows that all Shakespeare's predecessors and contemporary playwrights stuffed their plays with legal terms. That proposition, to my mind, amply shows where Shakespeare got his law, so that we are not driven to Bacon to find, for the legal terms in the Plays, at least, "helpers and coadjutors.")

Dr. Platt. I think Dr. Morgan is in error in saying that the whole question at issue is restated in my first postulate, viz: "The Plays and Poems known as Shakespeare's were not written by William, the son of John Shaksper of Stratford." There can certainly be no compromise about that; they were or they were not!

All those dreadful names that Dr. Morgan piles upon the actor are his, not mine. I did not call him a yokel nor a grinning idiot. I dare say he was quick-witted and a boon companion as tradition says he was, "a jovial actor and manager," and I fail utterly to be impressed by the mystery of the secret being kept by the fifty-one printers and publishers of the quartos, or to see any need of their being in the secret at all. Perhaps Dr. Morgan can tell me who wrote the Letters of Junius, which raised a hundred times the commotion in their day that the Shakespeare Plays raised in theirs. Of course the Plays were produced as William Shakespeare's. Why not? Just as "The Innocents Abroad" was produced as "Mark Twain's," and "Adam Bede" as "George Eliot's."

As I have not based my argument upon Shakespeare's supposed legal attainments, I do not know that I am called upon to defend them, but as Dr. Morgan has quoted Judge Allen's work in support of his position, I will say in passing that it appears to me that Judge Allen has entirely missed the point of the contention. That Shakespeare should have sometimes used legal terms and used them correctly proves nothing. Anyone having intelligence enough to write the Plays could easily have picked them up one by one as needed. The point is that he uses them continuously and seemingly unconsciously, as though they were part of the language in which he thought. This fact seemed to be sufficiently apparent to Lord Chief Justice Campbell.

I congratulate Dr. Morgan on his gift of intuition by which he is able to determine that the scrawl at the end of the Will spells "Shakespeare." I will not dispute it. It may spell "Snodgress," for anything I can make out of it. But this I know: in the body of the will, the name, as written by the scrivener, who probably knew what his client was called, is written "Shackspeare." Now, how that can be pronounced "Shake-speare," I cannot imagine.

As for the seeming chaff, back and forth, between Jonson and the author of the Plays, the pleasantries to which Dr. Morgan alludes when he asks me if I think "this quarrel was between Jonson and Shakespeare, or between Jonson and Bacon," I answer that I do not think there was any quarrel at all, but that, if Bacon were the author, he was just having a little fun chaffing himself and throwing dust into the eyes of the commentators

yet to be—for which I do not blame him. If he ran both sides of the controversy there would not be much trouble in leading or driving it where he pleased. As for Heminge and Condell, I think they had their own good and sufficient reasons for putting their names to what they were requested to, and I fail to see that they were harming anyone in so doing. The fame of their deceased friend, the actor, was not tarnished by it, and if it was done at the request of Bacon, why, so far as he goes, *Volenti non fit injuria?* Of course, as Dr. Morgan says, "It was very cleverly done"; who would expect it to be done otherwise? As for Pembroke and Montgomery, they were friends of Bacon, but where is the evidence that they were friends of Shaksper, except upon the assumption that he wrote the Plays and Poems? And that assumption begs the whole question. As for fraud—there is no question of fraud in the matter. If I choose to write under an assumed name, that is not fraud. If I write under the name of another man, with his consent, again *non fit injuria?* Who is defrauded?

I have felt some little hesitation in falling in with Dr. Morgan's suggestion to bring our debate down to date, because it necessarily involves a discussion of the "Cipher," and any mention of "Cipher" invariably lashes the opponents of the Baconian theory into such a fury that the spectacle causes pain to gods and men. However, Mrs. Gallup has proceeded with her cipher interpretations, and Mr. Mallock has reviewed them in two numbers of "The Nineteenth Century and After," and the matter has now reached a state where it can no longer be ignored. It must be faced and proved or disproved. Ridicule will not kill it. It should be observed in the first place that the "cipher" announced by Mrs. Gallup differs from all other alleged "ciphers" in the fact that there is no possible doubt of its existence and no possible doubt of its invention, or at least of its recognition and adoption, by Bacon. His own full and explicit account of it is all there is to be said on that branch of the subject* The only branches of the subject open to discussion are, does this cipher exist in the Shakespearean Plays and other works of the Period? and, if so, has Mrs. Gallup interpreted it correctly?

The principle of the cipher is very simple and is inherently the same as the Morse telegraph code. A is represented by five dots, thus . . . . . , B by - - - - —, C by . . . — . , D by . . . — — and so on through the alphabet. It is very easy to see that a cipher code is established, not at all difficult

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*De Augmentis, Lib. VI. Cap. I. Spedding's Ed. Vol. II. p. 421, or, in translation, Vol. IX. p. 116, et sec.

of application. All that is necessary in printing is to select two fonts of type, call one of them dots, and the other dashes, and arrange them accordingly in any printed book, and the thing is done. Now Mrs. Gallup claims to have discovered that this is precisely what has been done in the Shakespeare Folio of 1623, and in various other works of about that period, but only in the parts of the works which are printed in *italics!* Now this is not a matter to be dismissed by ridicule nor by argument based upon any inherent improbability of this cipher being introduced into the works. There is no mystery about the thing, nothing has to be assumed. Bacon's description of the cipher and the method of applying it are sufficiently clear. Mrs. Gallup tells where she finds it, and describes her method of deciphering it. Obviously, the only thing to do is to apply her method, and learn by experiment if her results follow. This is what Mr. Mallock has been attempting, and has clearly shown one thing at least; that is, that the difficulty lies not in Mrs. Gallup's theory, but in the practical obstacles in the way of its application. These are mainly due to the general irregularities of the typography of the period and to the slight differentiation of the letters upon which the cipher depends. Mr. Mallock has been over a portion of Mrs. Gallup's work carefully, with the aid of lenses and enlarged photographs, and has succeeded in verifying, in such portions, about two thirds of her results.

A somewhat similar case to this was the deciphering of the Egyptian Hieroglyphics by means of the Rosetta Stone in 1822. A stone is found bearing inscriptions in Hieroglyphics, Demotic and Greek. It is assumed as a working hypothesis that the Greek inscription is a translation of each of the other two. Now we will suppose that upon applying this key to the inscriptions on Egyptian monuments it is found to lead to a rational and coherent interpretation two-thirds of the time; would any sane man assert that the coincidence of the key and the Hieroglyphics in two-thirds of the cases was the result of accident, and the failure to interpret, or the existence of a doubt of correct interpretation, in the other third is equivalent to the failure of the whole hypothesis? I think not. I think the sane man would say that the hypothesis was demonstrated to that extent, but that, either owing to errors in their inception or to the ravages of time, one-third of the record is obscure, and hence great allowance must be made for errors in interpretation. Am I not right, Dr. Morgan? Let us take another and more far-fetched example—all the better for being far-fetched. There has been a good deal of talk lately of a "Message from Mars," which passes for a semi-humorous flight of the imagination suggested by recent astounding achievements of science. Suppose some clear night when the telescopes in the observatories are turned

upon the planet Mars, it should suddenly double its usual brilliancy and after retaining its unwonted refulgence for a few moments should then return to its usual condition, then it should flash for an instant, then a pause, flash, flash, flash, blaze, pause, flash, a longer pause, blaze, pause, flash, pause, three flashes, pause, then a blaze and a flash. Suppose this is repeated for a hundred nights. Might it not occur to some telegraph operator that — . . . — . — . . . . . — . meant AVE TERRA? I can imagine that some wise people would say that the telegraph operator was a fool; that the Martians could not by any chance understand Latin nor the Morse code, and, if they did, they would have no means to make such a bright light. I really believe that there are some people who would dismiss the matter thus, even if the phenomenon were to be repeated one hundred consecutive times without the slightest variation! But I will not carry my supposition so far as this. I will suppose that in thirty-four out of the hundred consecutive instances the flashes and blazes were incoherent and seemed to have no relation to the Morse code, and in the other sixty-six corresponded with it exactly. Now I merely ask: If this were to happen would it be worthy of investigation, or would it be a sufficient answer to say that it was "impossible," I cannot tell! Now this is absolutely analogous to Mrs. Gallup's exposition of the cipher, except in one particular, which is, that it is less improbable that Bacon embodied a cipher narration in his works than that the Martians should understand Latin, the Morse code, and the means of doubling the brilliancy of their planet. Well, I remember in my youth hearing that the first steamship which crossed the Atlantic brought a copy of the London *Times* containing a mathematical demonstration that no steamship could ever cross the Atlantic! *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

In all reason, this is too much to be the result of accident, and unless it can be shown that Mrs. Gallup and Mr. Mallock have, by some as yet unimagined way, fallen into the same series of blunders, or have entered into a conspiracy to befool the public—which is rather beyond the bounds of credulity—it would seem to show that the cipher is really contained in the books where Mrs. Gallup professes to find it.

That the cipher is really contained in the books is obviously not the same thing as saying that Mrs. Gallup has in all cases read it correctly. But if in the majority of cases it can be shown that, by following her method, letter follows letter, so as to make words and word follows word so as to make correct sentences, it can hardly be considered accident.

As a matter of fact, much of the material which Mrs. Gallup professes to

have deciphered is not exactly what we should have expected from Bacon. It has incoherencies, which may be due to errors on the part of the originator of the cipher, of the printer, or of the decipherer. But what are we to say to this to which Mr. Mallock calls attention: "Th' fame of th' gay French Court had come to me even thus, and it was flattering to the youthful love o' th' affaires taking us from my native land, insomuch as th' secret commission had been entrusted to me, which required most true wisdome for safer, speedier conduct then 'twould have if left to th' common course of businesse. Soe with mine interessed, though sometimes apprehensive minde, I made myself ready to accompany Sir Amyias to that sunny land of the South I learned so supremely to love, that afterwards I would have left England and every hope of advancement, to remain my whole life there. Nor yet could this be due to the delight of the country by itselfe; for love o' sweete Marguerite, th' beautiful young sister of th' king (married to Henry th' gallant King of Navarre) did make it Eden to my innocent heart; and even when I learned her perfidie, love did keep her like the angels in my thoughts half o' th' time—as to th' other half she was devilish, and I myselfe was plung'd into hell. This lasted during many years, and, not until four decades or eight lustres o' my life were outliv'd, did I take any other to my sore heart. Then I married th' woman who hath put Marguerite from my memory—rather I should say hath banished her portrait to the walls of memorie only, where it doth hang in th' pure undimmed beauty of those early days." Mr. Mallock well says in reference to this passage: "If it be a forgery, it is one of extraordinary ingenuity; so full does it seem to me of pathetic and dignified beauty, and so strongly does it bear the marks of genuine and acute sincerity." Does Mr. Morgan believe that Mrs. Gallup, a Michigan lady, had either the secret information or the poetic faculty to compose that passage?

But we must be prepared to meet paradoxes in any view of the case.

In 1679 there appeared a small volume with this title page: "BACONIANA—or Certain Genuine—REMAINS—OF Sir Francis Bacon—Baron of VERULAM—AND Viscount of St. ALBANS—In Arguments *Civil and Moral, Natural—Medical, Theological* and *Biographi—cal;* Now the First time faithfully Published.—An ACCOUNT of these *Remains,* and of all of his—*Lordship's* other *Works* is given by the *Publisher*—in a Discourse by way of INTRODUCTION. LONDON.—Printed by *J. D.* for *Richard Chiswell* at the Rose—and Crown in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, 1679."

The "Discourse by way of Introduction" is headed "An Account of all of the Lord Bacon's Works," and extends to p. 104. The publisher of the

book is said , on the title page, to be Richard Chiswell, and the Introduction is stated to be by the publisher, but, instead of being signed Richard Chiswell, or R. C., it is signed T. T. Who "T.T." is, does not appear. It will be remembered that that mysterious dedication of the sonnets to Mr. W. H., their "only begetter," is also signed T. T. This latter T. T. is supposed to be Thomas Thorp. But Thomas Thorp could hardly be responsible for this edition of Baconiana, published seventy years later. But not only do the same initials appear without anything to explain them, and in defiance of the statement on the title page, but they are reproduced in exact fac-simile of the initials on the title page of the 1609 Quarto of the Sonnets and in type differing entirely from the rest of the book. Now, this in itself seems odd; but this is not all! On p. 27 of this Introduction is this: "The fairest and most correct edition of this Book in *Latine* is that in Folio, printed at *London, Anno* 1623, and whosoever would understand the Lord *Bacon's* Cypher, let them consult that accurate edition. For in some other editions I have perused, the form of the Letters of the alphabet, in which most of the Mysterie consisteth, is not observed; But the *Roman* and *Italic* shapes of them are confounded."

So, in 1679, somebody thought there was a mystery associated with the bi-literal cipher, and it seems to be Mr. T. T., returned from the dead to make the announcement! Well, I see no reason why the orthodox Shakespeareans should have all the miracles, any more than the devil all the good music!

Dr. Morgan admits that "those were the days of ciphers"; yes, and of anagrams and of emblems and of "talking pictures," and of all sorts of curious methods of conveying information without making positive statements. There is no doubt that Bacon was greatly interested in these matters, not only because of his reference to ciphers in the De Augmentis, but because we know him to have been connected with the production of other works bearing on these and cognate subjects. In two exhaustive and convincing papers in the January and February (1903) numbers of *The Pall Mall Magazine,* Mr. W. H. Mallock offers evidence which goes to show that Bacon not only was interested in these cryptic matters, but was believed by his contemporaries and immediate followers to have had some intimate association with much of the literature of the period not publicly associated with his name. I have permission to quote freely from Mr. Mallock's articles referring to the plates here reproduced from that article.

THE SECRET SYMBOLISM OF PICTORIAL TITLE-PAGES.

"The significance of the facts with which I am about to deal [says Mr. Mallock] is cumulative. Each, if it stood alone, might be looked upon as meaning nothing—as being no more than odd; and any meaning which is suggested might be reasonably dismissed as a fancy. But when a number of odd facts occur of a similar nature, which are fraught with suggestions of a precisely similar kind, and which, taken together, throw light upon one another, then the belief that there lies some meaning behind them at once becomes strong, and tends to become irresistible. The facts or documents of this kind to which I shall refer are those contained in the pictorial title-pages of certain books which were published during Bacon's lifetime or shortly after his death, and of some of which he was the avowed author.

"Such title-pages are common in books of the period. They are generally supposed to be purely decorative, and in most cases they very probably are so; or at all events such symbolism as they possess is of a simple and obvious kind. In certain cases, however, the title-page turns out to be an elaborate hieroglyphic, every detail of which is intended to tell some story to such enlightened readers as are able to find the clue.

"We will begin with the third edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne, which was published in 1632*. The title-page of this volume represents a classical gateway, through which is seen a vista of buildings and broken arches. The details are peculiar, are drawn with extreme care, and exhibit eccentricities of perspective. To this title-page is appended a poem, in which the reader is informed that every "leaf and angle" contains some secret meaning of a highly important kind. He is invited, by careful study, to find out the precious mystery; and the writer, having urged him to diligence, concludes with these words—"if than (i. e., then) you understand not, give him room that can."

"Let us now turn to three other works, not for the sake of their title-pages, but of the light which they throw on the uses to which pictorial title-pages were put. They all deal with the same subject—namely, the symbols or emblems of which, for the most part, pictorial title-pages were composed. The authors are Alciatus, Baudoin, and a certain R. H., who published in 1660 a continuation of "The New Atlantis." The work of Alciatus was published in 1531. Baudoin was a contemporary of Bacon's, and translated Bacon's Essays into French.

*Plate I.

"Baudoin's 'Recueil d'Emblemes Divers' was, as he says in his preface, suggested by Bacon himself, who also urged him to have no hesitation in publishing it. It was published in Paris twelve years after Bacon's death. It was partly founded on the previous work of Alciatus, and is illustrated with a large number of emblematical figures, to each of which is assigned a definite meaning. Thus, a woman holding a bridle with a bit means one thing; and a similar woman holding a bridle without a bit means another. The following few words from the preface indicate the character of the work; 'Thus,' says Baudoin, 'considering the marvellous adaptability of this sort of dumb expression, which the Chinese call "talking pictures," I venture to say that there is very little in philosophy which cannot be represented by means of symbols or emblems. Here, O reader! I have attempted to deal with the principles of the matter, aided by the explanations given by the learned Chancellor Bacon.'

"The continuation of "The New Atlantis' is a very small volume, dealing with many subjects other than the one before us. The passage which deals with emblems does not occupy more than a page or two. None the less, it is of the very highest significance. The following extract and abstract will be sufficient for our present purpose. 'We (i.e., the citizens of the New Atlantis) have a species of heraldry, not made specious with ostentative pied coats and titular achievements which . . . in Europe any fool may buy and wear for his money. Here in each province is a register to record the memorable acts, extraordinary qualities, etc. . . . of the more eminent patricians, where, for the escutcheon of pretence, each noble person bears the hieroglyphic of that virtue for which he is famous: e. g., if eminent for courage, the lion; if for innocence, the white lamb; if for chastity, the turtle; if for charity, the sun in his full glory; if for temperance, a slender virgin, girt, having a bridle in her mouth.' Then follows a catalogue of other emblems, of which the following show how the meaning of the figure of the virgin may be varied. A virgin with a sword in the right hand and scales in the left is Justice. A virgin holding a lamp is Prudence. A virgin holding a 'salt' is Wisdom. A virgin holding a scroll is Poetry. We shall see presently how such emblems appear in use; but what I have said thus far will at all events show the reader this—that to attribute to the title-pages now in question a secret meaning of the most definite and elaborate kind is no idle fancy. We see that the idea of such hieroglyphics—of such talking pictures—was familiar to the learned world of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; that rules had been carefully formulated for putting the idea into practice; and that Bacon himself had devoted much thought to the question.

"We begin with the title-page of Florio's translation of Montaigne, Plate I. alluded to, because it is accompanied by a poem which insists on its hieroglyphical character, and declares that in every part of it is some secret and important meaning.

"Let the reader examine carefully the reproduction of it which is here given, and ask himself what meaning or meanings it can possibly have been designed to convey? So long as he considers the problem, according with accepted theories of the literary history of the time, he will probably tell himself that this title-page can mean nothing. There is one theory, however, which, whether true or no, does, if we adopt it, at once afford us an explanation. That is the theory, to which I have referred already, that the literary activity of Bacon was far more extensive than he acknowledged, or than has yet been recognized; and that in the production of this volume he played some leading part. What that part may have been it is unnecessary to discuss here; but it may be mentioned that this theory, in respect of the present volume, finds some confirmation in a quite independent quarter. A law book, 'The Attorney's Academy,' by Thomas Powell, was published four years after Bacon's death, and contains, on the title-page, a dedication to him. The dedication runs thus: 'To the true nobility and tryde learning, beholden to no Mountaine (i. e. Montaigne) for Eminence . . . Francis, Lord Verulam and Viscount St. Albans.' If we assume that Bacon had some connection with the production of Montaigne's works, Powell's words would have the very natural meaning that Bacon had other and higher claims to distinction. Apart from some such assumption, the allusion has no meaning at all. However this may be, let us adopt the assumption as a hypothesis and apply it to the elucidation of the title-page.

"Certain meanings begin to emerge at once. The two broken arches are recognized as inverted F's. In the poem the reader is instructed to look at the page with a 'glauncing eye,' which suggests that he should look at it from different points of view. If, acting on the suggestion, we look at the page sideways, the two arches at the end of the street give us the letter B. We thus get at the initials F. B. The buildings beyond the arches are standing in the sea. If we 'glaunce' at the plate obliquely, the left-hand arch opens; and the building in the sea, together with the spire, assumes the aspect of a lighthouse, or, has been suggested, a beacon—a word which was pronounced Bacon, just as the tea of 'Great Anna' later on was pronounced *tay*. The curious structures which form the left side of the street consist, first, of a round building with a semi-globular roof, behind which rises something which would be set down as a chimney, if it were not that

the top of it is entirely occupied by a globe; and, secondly, of a roofless and incomplete hall attached to the circular building and seeming to form a vestibule to it. By the wall are two stone steps, which have evidently not yet been put in their proper place. The suggested explanation of this is that the circular building represents the Globe Theatre, and the building in front of it the author of dramas acted there—or, if we prefer to say so, the fame or reputation of the author—which is dark and incomplete. On the left-hand side of the great gate is a niche, waiting for a statue, thus repeating the foregoing suggestion that half of Bacon's fame—that of a poet—is hidden: whilst what seems to be a niche opposite to it is not a niche at all, but is an aperture through which a stream of light—the light of philosophy—is admitted. And now let the reader turn to the title which surmounts the gate. He will see that this, instead of being cut in the stone, and thus forming part of the building, is carefully represented as being written on a movable sheet or banner, affixed to the building by a nail which is not driven home, and suggesting that beneath it is the true title concealed. One more peculiar feature yet remains to be noticed; but I will deal with it in connection with another title-page. Here, then, we have what we know to be a hieroglyphic—a 'talking picture'—every part of which contains some secret; and here is an interpretation which on certain hypotheses, formed originally without the remotest reference to it, is perfectly coherent and intelligible. Whether the hypotheses are tenable on other grounds or no is a different question. Let those scholars who hold that they are not, find another interpretation more, or even equally, plausible.

"In this paper, let me repeat, I am myself upholding no hypothesis, except the general one that Bacon's literary activity was wider than he himself acknowledged, or than has thus far been recognized. The more precise theories of the Baconians I use provisionally, without defending them. I shall merely ask the reader, as occasion arises, to consider how far they correlate and explain facts that seem otherwise inexplicable, and how far such facts consequently corroborate them.

"I mention this point because the next title-page we shall consider will oblige us to adopt one of the Baconian hypotheses which have aroused amongst the professed Shakespeareans the greatest indignation and derision."

I admit that this explanation is not very clear to me, and I should not have quoted it were it not for the fact that by reason of the accompanying verses it clearly demands some explanation, and that no other is forthcoming, and, moreover, it is followed by other examples which seem much clearer.

His discussion of the next title-page plate is much clearer. It is the title-page to The Fairie Queen, 1611.

"No historian denies that during Elizabeth's lifetime it was whispered more than once in Court and diplomatic circles that the Virgin Queen had children. But the following curious passage from a little-known book shows that this gossip was at once more precise and more general than has been supposed.

"The book in question is 'Simboleography,' by William West, published in 1618. Little as the title might suggest the fact, this book is a collection of legal cases; and amongst them, on page 141, there occurs the case of some obscure person, who, 'not having the fear of God before his eyes, but misled by the instigation of the devil,' on 'the fifth day' of a certain month, in a certain year, and at a certain place, 'narravit et publicavit de dictâ dominâ, reginâ nunc, hæc falsa, seditiosa et scandalosa verba Anglicana sequentia,—viz., *That the Queen hath had by the Lord R. D.* (prenobilis garterii miles) *Two or Three Children,* in magnum scandalum et contemptum dictæ reginæ et dignitatis suæ'—the 'R. D' referred to being obviously Robert Dudley. Now, as all readers of Mrs. Galup's much ridiculed volume know, the latest theory with regard to Bacon is that he was, or believed himself to be, the eldest of these two or three children; that, moreover, he believed his parents to have been secretly married, and himself to have been the rightful, though unacknowledged, heir to the throne. Apart, then, from certain details with which Mrs. Gallup encumbered her theory, there was in the theory itself no *à priori* absurdity, as the 'falsa, seditiosa et scandalosa verba Anglicana' just quoted show. It is at all events a theory which tentatively we may employ for the purpose before us—namely, an examination of the title-page of the edition of Spenser's poems published in 1611. We shall have, moreover, to adopt the further hypothesis that in some way or other Bacon was connected with its production. Mrs. Gallup and her supporters maintain that certain of the poems were written by him. On this hypothesis we have no need to insist. It is enough to assume that he was connected with their production in some way.

"Turning, then, to this title-page, which is here reproduced, let the reader take note of the following singular details. On the top is a hog, with a halter round its neck. On the right of it is one of the royal supporters; and on the left is another supporter, which is a bear; whilst at the bottom is a hog with its snout towards a rose-bush, and across the bush is the motto 'Non tibi spiro.'

"Let us now see how these symbols are to be interpreted. First let us glance for a moment at another picture of a hog. It is Bacon's crest, as it appears on the contemporary vellum binding of a book relating to him, which

appeared soon after his death (see Plate III.). Next let us consider the following anecdote, as given in a small seventeenth-century volume, entitled 'Witty Apothegms,' and containing a number of such apothegms 'collected by Lord Verulam.' 'Sir Nicholas Bacon, being appointed a judge for the northern circuit . . . he was by one of the malefactors mightily importuned to save his life; which, when nothing else did avail, he at length desired his mercy on the ground of kindred. "Prithee," said my lord judge, how comes that in?" "Why, if it so please you, my lord, your name is Bacon and mine is Hog; and in all ages Hog and Bacon have been so near kindred, that they are not to be separated." "Aye," replied Judge Bacon, "you and I cannot be kindred, except you be hanged, for Hog is not Bacon unless it be hanged." '* (Plate III.) In the light of this story it is impossible not to see an obvious meaning in the hog with the halter on the title page. It is a 'talking picture' of Bacon, the hog hanged. And next as to the supporters: what they are is equally clear. One belongs to the Queen, the other to the Earl of Leicester. On the hypothesis that Bacon believed himself to be the child of these two, this group of 'emblems' becomes at once coherent and intelligible; whilst the hog at the bottom of the page has his snout toward the Tudor roses, and the motto on the bush shows he is hopeless of having his birth recognized.

"Apart from any difficulty involved in the hyphotheses of Bacon's belief regarding his royal birth, and his having some connection with the production of Spenser's poems (Plate II.), the meaning of this title-page is, on these hypotheses, self-evident.

[I have just seen an abstract of a paper in the *Tablet*, in which Father Thurston explains that the animal at the top of this title-page is not a hog at all, but is really our old friend, the fretful porcupine! Well! Well! I did not know that the wind was in such a quarter that I could not tell a hawk from a hand-saw, nor a pig from a porcupine! No wonder, child, the fretful porcupine is wild, to be depicted like a hog! But I will waive that point, and agree to call it a squirrel or a weasel or a whale or an ornithorynchus paradoxus. Whatever the paradoxical little beast may be, he continues to be held aloft by the Royal Supporter on one side and that of the Earl of Leicester on the other!

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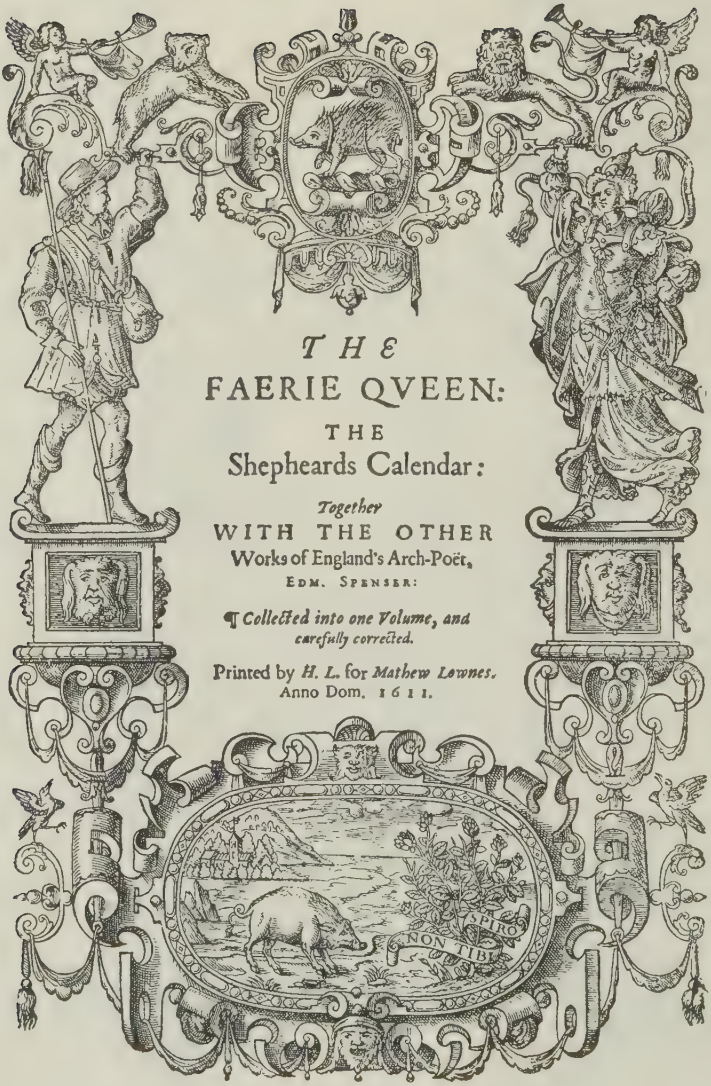
*"Hang hog is Latin for Bacon, I warrant you." Merry Wives of Windsor, IV., I., 50.

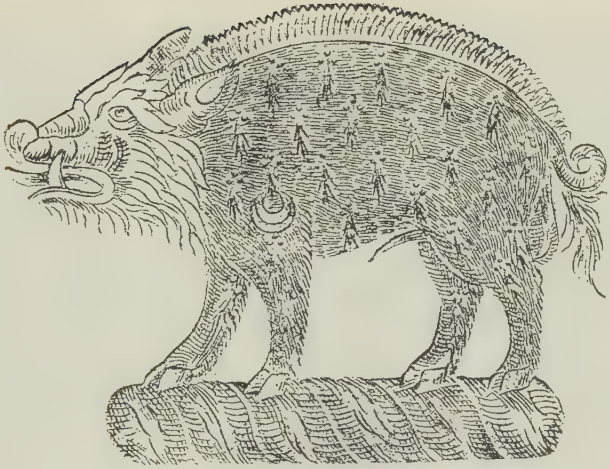
Title-Page to Montaigne's Essays.

Plate I



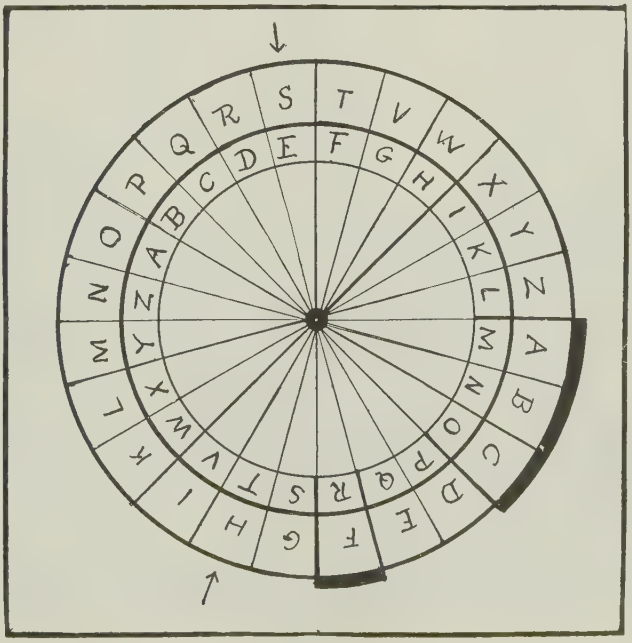
Title-page to "The Faerie Queen."

Plate II



Bacon's crest.

Plate III.



A Wheel Cipher,

Plate III-a.

Title-page to work on cyphers by "Gustavus Selenus."

Plate IV.

Plate V.

Enlargenent of the beach picture from the title-page of the book of cyphers by "Gustavus Selenus."

Enlargement of the square picture at the bottom of title-page of the volume on cyphers by 'Gustavus Selenus.'

Plate VI.

Enlargement of left-hand panel from title-page of the book on cyphers by "Gustavus Selenus."

Plate VII.

Franc. Baconi
DE VERULAMIO.
HISTORIA REGNI
HENRICI SEPTIMI
Angliæ Regis
OPUS VERE POLITICUM
LVG. BATAVOR.
Apud Franc. Hackium.
Anno 1642.
Cornelis v. Dalen sculp.

Plate VIII.

Fr. Baconi
DE VERULAMIO
SERMONES FIDELES,
ETHICI,
POLITICI,
ŒCONOMICI:
Sive
INTERIORA RERUM.
Accedit
FABER FORTUNÆ &c.
C.V. Daten ſculp.
LUG. BATAVORUM,
Apud Franciſcum Hackium. Aº 1641

Plate IX.

LVGD. BATAVORVM
Apud Franciſcum Moiardum,
Et Adrianum Wijngaerde. *Anno 1645.*

Plate X.

Father Thurston says that this porcupine was the Sidney crest, and that this same title-page did duty for Sidney's "Arcadia." It is true that a porcupine is the Sidney Crest as given in Burke's "Complete Armory," but if this was used on the title-page of "Arcadia," we have still more trouble ahead of us, and shall be obliged to account for these remarkable emblems appearing in Sidney's works, as well as those of Spenser! If it is retorted that the printers of those days were irresponsible, and put anything they chose on title-pages, I merely ask, in that case what becomes of the evidential value of the name William Shakespeare on the title-page?

A porcupine! Is the creature looking at the rose bush another porcupine?]

"Of the purely literary hypothesis I will say no more here; but with regard to the other, let us consider once again whether it is really as absurd as many people fancy it. Turning back to the title-page of Montaigne's Essay's,—let us note again that the writer of the verses which accompany it makes special note of some peculiar meaning which is to be found 'within these angles and amongst these leaves,' 'wherein,' he adds, 'the rash spectator' would discover nothing at all. Now in the whole page there are no leaves of any kind except those which appear at the top of the row of columns in the foreground. Those which pertain to the capitals may possibly not mean anything, though they seem to be conventionalized into a certain likeness of a crown; but above these is a feature altogether peculiar: and this is the rose by which each capital is surmounted. Taken in connection with the roses and their motto in the other title page, the suggestion that both have reference to the Tudor rose is inevitable. But could Bacon really have supposed that this emblem had any genealogical relation to himself? Is there any other evidence of a fact which seems so unlikely?

"Here are two evidences, one of which, I believe, has never been publicly noticed, and is probably known to very few persons; whilst the other is known so little that it may be called practically new. At Gorhambury, the existing house, which is modern, was constructed partly out of the materials of the house occupied by Bacon; but certain fragments of the original structure remain, and include the principal entrance, which is surmounted by the Bacon arms. The present Lord Verulam a little while ago pointed out to me that whilst one of the supporters belongs to Bacon, the other is Royal. This is one fact. The second is of a similar nature; and this, too, is supplied by a house—Canonbury Tower in Islington—which was once occupied by Bacon. On one of the walls of this building was an inscription in very unclassical hexameters,giving a list of the Kings and Queens of England.

The lines will be found in 'The History, Topography, and Antiquities of the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, by John Nelson, 1811.' It is enough to quote those which name the sovereigns from Henry VIII. to James I. The lines are these:

HENRICUS
OCTAVIUS, POST HUNC EDW: SEXT, REGINA MARIA
ELIZABETHA SOROR: SUCCEDIT FR . . . . . JACOBUS.

"With the exception of the two first letters, the word beginning with FR has been obliterated. What can this mutilated word stand for, unless it stands for Francis? Taken in connection with the other facts before us, is not the inference that it does stand for this inevitable? Do not this inscription, the coat-of-arms at Gorhambury, and the emblem on the title-pages, all point to one, and to only one, conclusion?"

Of the next title-page, Mr. Mallock's interpretation is this:

"The consideration of this volume again involves the hypothesis that Bacon's literary activities were far wider than has been supposed, and that they extended—as there are many direct evidences to show—throughout the learned world of Europe, as well as England. It is an edition, published immediately after the first Shakespeare Folio, of a work on Ciphers, by the then Duke of Brunswick, who wrote under the pseudonym of Gustavus Selenus. The title-page, as the reader will see, contains four pictures in panels (Plate IV.). The oval picture at the top—consult the enlargement (Plate V.)—represents a boat being rowed towards a town; and this town is represented as blazing with beacon lights. The word *beacon,* as has been said already, was then pronounced *bacon;* and that the pun on the two words was actually well known at the time is shown in the line, 'Bacon, great beacon of the State.' A careful student of contemporary symbolism declares that the frame of this picture represents 'the magic circle of imagination,' and that the three heads are emblems of tragedy, comedy, and farce. But, however this may be, an allusion to Bacon as a light and guide, if it be not incredible, is unmistakable. But still more singular than this is the square picture at the bottom. Here—consult the enlargement (Plate VI.)—we have represented the philosopher seated at his desk; and at his back stands a figure who is taking a cap of maintenance from his head. This figure is dressed in ostentatiously gorgeous costume. The ruff is elaborately frilled, the doublet and hose are flowered; and the face, with its pointed chin and abnormally high forehead, will strike the most careless observer as a conventional representation of Shakespeare. Is it possible to explain this pic-

ture in any other way than as an image of Shakespeare (the actor become rich and a gentleman) appropriating the philosopher's fame?

"Let us continue our examination and turn to the two side panels. In the foreground of the panel on the left—consult the enlargement (Plate VII.) we have a man well but soberly dressed, giving some document to another, who receives it in the attitude of an inferior. Now let the reader look at the peculiar sleeve of the former. He will see that it exactly resembles the sleeve of the philosopher at the desk. The two figures, therefore, are evidently the same person. If the one is Bacon, the other is Bacon also. But how are we to interpret the figure to whom the document is being given? The face certainly bears no resemblance to Shakespeare's. We find nothing to help us there. Let us, however, turn our attention to the features in the background of the picture. In the middle distance we see the same figure, with the same hat, leggings, and boots, and the same buckled strap. But his spear is now carried over his shoulder, he has a bundle on his back, and, moreover, he is now using a walking stick. Further, in the sky there is an eagle, receiving a document in its beak, and a heavy arrow which has been aimed at these is almost on the point of touching them.

"And now, bearing these particulars in mind, let us turn to a book which at first sight would fail to promise any connection with them. The book is 'Camden's Remains' (1614), with which Spedding says that Bacon had much to do. This book contains a chapter on surnames, which are divided into various classes. Some, it is pointed out, are derived from places, whilst others are words which signify ordinary acts or objects. As examples of this class the writer gives 'Bacon' and 'Creeping'; which a little further on he supplements by four others. These four form a very curious group. They are 'Breakspeare,' 'Shakespeare,' 'Wagstaff,' and 'Shotbolt.' Let us now go back to our picture. The figure in the foreground with the spear in his hand becomes 'Shakespeare'; the same figure in the distance with the stick in his hand is 'Wagstaff'; and above, following the writings which he has received from the hand of another, we have Shakespeare and Wagstaffe metamorphosed into a 'shot-bolt,' whilst the writings have been carried to an eagle whose claws are lightnings. The picture in the right-hand panel forms a sequel to this. The same figure—again to be identified by his hat—is no longer a Wagstaff, but a cavalier, and is riding away, blowing a horn in triumph, towards the same town in the direction of which in the opposite picture he is trudging.

"I do not say myself that these interpretations are correct; but I do say—and I cannot conceive how any unprejudiced critic can doubt the fact—that

these title-pages we have been considering were designed as 'talking pictures'—were intended in all their details to embody some secret meaning. I say also that, on the hypotheses which have been adopted, a meaning is at once discoverable, which is coherent in all its parts, which in many parts is obvious, and in no part is more forced or far-fetched than might under the circumstances be expected—as those familiar with the symbolism of modern acrostics will admit; while the least obvious of these happen to be precisely those for which the most curious confirmation is to be found in a variety of collateral evidences.

"It is perfectly true that, even if we admit all this, we have not proved that Bacon was the actual author of Shakespeare, but we shall, at all events, be compelled to believe, in the absence of evidence to the contrary, that Bacon had some wide, and hitherto unacknowledged, connection with the literature of his time, and that in the literature with which he was then connected Shakespeare's plays are included."

[As the report of this Debate is going through the press, I am in receipt of a private letter, offering another explanation from a gentleman who has examined the correspondence between the Duke of Brunswick and the engraver in regard to this title-page of the Gustavus Selenus book. In this correspondence it is stated that the man sitting at the table is Johannes Trithemius, author of an earlier work on ciphers, one largely incorporated by the Duke in his own. The man standing behind him is the Duke himself. The other figures are intended to represent the postal system of those days. This, however, would not seem to be a very satisfactory explanation. In the first place, it is not at all likely that, if the Duke were engaged in making cryptograms, he would have explained their esoteric meaning to the engraver; in the next place, it is not very clear why the postmen of the period should have carried spears—pistols would have been a better protection—and why should the claws of a carrier-pigeon grasp thunder bolts? And how is the sky full of beacons explained? Moreover, if the standing figure in the lower panel is a portrait of the Duke, he must have borne a striking resemblance to the conventional portrait of Shakespeare.]

Then follows a discussion of three title-pages of books of acknowledged Baconian authorship, viz.:

"The title page which we shall examine first is that of an edition of Bacon's History of Henry VII.*

---

*Plate VIII.

"On the left hand of the picture are two figures—one robed like a philosopher, the other wearing a helmet—helping to support a woman who is balancing herself on a globe. The two male figures are repeated on the right side of the picture. We recognize the philosopher by his cap, his beard, and his clothing; and his companion by his crested helmet. In seeking to discover a symbolical meaning in this picture, a clue is at once given us by the woman who is standing on the globe, for she holds in her hand two of the symbols described in the books and passages referred to in my first article, which deal with the subject of 'talking pictures'—of hieroglyphical or pictorial writing. These symbols are the salt-cellar—or, as it is called in the continuation of 'The New Atlantis,' the salt; and the bridle without the bit. A woman holding a bridle with a bit stands, as Alciatus tells us, for Nemesis; a woman holding a bridle without a bit stands, as Baudoin tells us, for Fame; and a woman holding a salt stands, as we are told in the continuation of 'The New Atlantis,' for Wisdom. Now, if we had only this figure to deal with, its meaning and appropriateness would be at once apparent to everybody. It would be an obvious emblem of Bacon, of his fame and his wisdom as a philosopher. The other emblems, however, do not speak so plainly; and yet it is impossible to doubt that they have their meaning also. Let us examine them carefully, and see if we can get any hint of it. Let us begin with the helmeted figure, which seems to be that of a soldier. As he appears on the left, he is more than half hidden by the philosopher; but on the right we have a full view of him, and if we scrutinize him as he is drawn there, we shall discover some curious details, which show that he is not meant to represent a soldier at all. Over his jerkin he wears a lace collar; he has only one spur, and his sword is on the wrong side. He is not, therefore, a soldier, but a counterfeit, dressed up to resemble one. He is, in fact, a very presentable emblem of an actor. And what is the actor doing? The fingers of one hand are extended so as to touch the globe, which supports the image of fame and philosophic wisdom; whilst the other is shaking a spear, which the philosopher has guided between the spokes of a curious wheel. With regard to the globe, this, as in a former picture, has been read by a student of emblems as meaning the Globe Theatre: nor, if we admit the value of emblem writing at all, is there anything in this interpretation which is intrinsically unlikely. And lastly, as to the wheel itself, how are we to interpret this? A casual observer might suppose it to be the wheel of fortune, and the figure who grasps the handle might be taken as Fortune herself. We know, however, from the key that has been given to us by two writers on emblems that this figure is *not* Fortune, but Wisdom and Fame united.

The wheel, therefore, which she is touching cannot be Fortune's wheel. Accordingly, it has been argued that its meaning is to be sought in the nine emblems surrounding it, five of which are simple enough. They represent the various orders of men, from the monarch to the husbandman or the grave-digger. The remaining four have been interpreted as the jester's bells, a bowl (of doubtful purpose), the rod for the fool's back, and the mirror that is held up to Nature. The wheel with its adjuncts will thus stand for dramatic and imaginative literature, and the suggested connection of Bacon with Shakespeare will be complete."

[I am not prepared to accept the interpretation of the globe as meaning "The Globe Theatre." I think it much more likely to be "Mundus Intellectualis,"a favorite emblem of Bacon's. Neither do I feel at all sure that the staff the philosopher holds is a spear, as I can see no spear-head, nor can I feel sure the other man is "shaking" it. But there is enough left to make the plate curious and suggestive.] Mr. Mallock continues:

"If we provisionally accept the hypothesis that this connection was a fact, the foregoing interpretation of the title-page now before us is plausible. It gives a meaning to the whole which accords with the style of contemporary symbolism; and there are minor details, such as the four ships in the distance and the difference of the levels on which the two groups stand, which may possibly be found to fit in with this meaning and complete it.

"Still, in spite of all this, it does not seem to me that, however strongly we might be inclined to believe in the reality of the Shakespeare-Bacon connection, this title-page could, if it stood alone, be looked on as more than a very doubtful confirmation of, or allusion to, it. It does not stand alone, however. Another title-page exists of another of Bacon's works, published a year earlier, by which the interpretation of the former, as just given, is corroborated.

"This is the title-page of Fr. Baconi De Verulamio Sermones Fideles (Plate IX.). Of the three figures on the left, no interpretation has, thus far, been suggested; but the figure on the right undoubtedly represents Bacon. Before him, on a table, is a clasped volume and an hour-glass. The clasped volume, it is suggested, represents Bacon's works as a poet, and the hour-glass the sands that must run before his fame as a poet is recognized; and this interpretation is based on the female figure in the clouds, who stands, like the similar figure in the other title-page, on a globe. Now, the figure in the other title-page, as has been pointed out already, conveys a meaning with regard to which there can be no doubt. She is two emblems in one. She is the virgin holding the bridle without the bit,

and this is the virgin holding the salt. The meaning of the former—namely, Fame— is given us in a work with which Bacon was avowedly connected. The meaning of the latter—namely, Wisdom—is given us in the continuation of the 'New Atlantis.' But the 'New Atlantis' mentions also another cognate emblem—namely the virgin with a scroll; and since we are authorized to look for a figure of this kind, it is hard not to believe that we have this emblem here; and the meaning of this, as we are told in the same book, is poetry. Hence, then, if we accept the facts just stated, we have an obvious emblem of Bacon pointing to his own fame and work as a poet, and the globe, the hour-glass, and the closed volume become intelligible in the sense that has just been indicated.

"There is yet one title-page more, also reproduced here—that of the De Augmentis (Plate X.). It is one which was reproduced repeatedly in the Dutch editions of Bacon. Here again we have a figure which is that of Bacon himself; here again we have a volume doubly clasped, and this volume he has committed to an enigmatic figure beside him. This figure is curious in a high degree, and from what we have seen of the use of emblems at the time, it is obvious that this figure must have been intended to represent something. The following interpretation of it has been suggested: If its garment, and more especially the folds of its garments, are examined carefully, we shall see that this garment is a goat-skin. This figure, moreover, though it has the face of a man, has the false breasts of a woman. Accordingly, in respect of its goatskin garment, it represents the tragic muse; whilst in respect of its face and breasts, it represents an actor with false breasts, playing a female part. Thus this hybrid emblem, together with the clasped volume, is taken to symbolize Bacon's concealed connection with the Muse, and the fact of his having committed his concealed work to an actor."

I have quoted Mr. Mallock thus fully because I have felt that any attempt further to omit or condense would unavoidably lead to unintentional garbling, and do injustice to him and to the subject. As he says, granting his interpretations to be correct, they do not prove that Bacon wrote the Plays, but they do show that Bacon had something to do with much of the literature of the period other than that passing under his name, and including something that went by the name of Shakespeare. If his interpretations are disputed, he is not unreasonable in his demand that others should be offered as good or better. He has made out an *a priori* case, and has thus succeeded in shifting for once the *onus probandi* upon those who dispute.

It cannot be too often repeated that all circumstantial evidence like this

depends for its force upon its being cumulative,, and I shall therefore mention a few other curious matters which may not be of much importance in themselves, but which may tend to strengthen the "bundle of rods" which Dr. Morgan so aptly alludes to, which Jupiter himself could not break.

The first of these is one to which my attention was called some years ago by Mrs. Pott. Among the ciphers enumerated by Bacon (De Augmentis, Lib. VI., Cap. I., Spedding's Ed. V. II., p. 116) are Ciphræ Rotae or "Wheel ciphers." Now, every treatise on ciphers describes the wheel cipher, which is one of the simplest forms of cipher imaginable. It consists of a disc of cardboard attached by a pivot in the centre to another piece of cardboard; around the periphery of the disc are arranged the letters of the alphabet in regular order. On the other cardboard are again arranged the letters of the alphabet in like order, forming a circle concentric with and outside the first. (In other words, it is the familiar combination lock of the present day, except that for additional security we turn the wheel to several single combinations before the words finally yield.) Now, it is evident that if the disc (see Plate IIIA) is revolved upon the pivot, any letter of the inner circle may be brought into juxtaposition with any letter of the outer circle, and that this will establish a fixed relation between each letter of the inner circle and a corresponding letter of the outer circle. In order to use this wheel, the correspondents were each supplied with a key or some secret way of communicating one, the key consisting of any two letters, which were to be placed in juxtaposition, thus setting the wheel. In preparing his cipher message, the writer would set his wheel and in place of each letter of his message would use the corresponding letter in the outer circle. His correspondent would decipher by comparison with the wheel set by the same key letters. Now, in the First Folio, at the end of Othello, —and nowhere else was it thought necessary therein—p. 339, there are given the names of the actors, and below the words "The Names of the Actors" there are three asterisks and two colons, all enclosed in a parenthesis. The accompanying figure (Frontispiece), which is here reproduced from the Tilden Folio in the Lenox Library, shows that asterisks, colons and parenthesis all point on one side to the letters e s and to the letters T. H. on the other side. If the wheel be set with e s as key letters, T. H. will also be found together, so that either pair may be used as a key. Upon setting the wheel by the key indicated as shown by the diagram, it will be seen that the following juxtaposition of letters occur:

F A B C
R M N O

M. FR. BACON.

Fac-simile of title page of 1609 Edition of Sonnets

SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are
to be ſolde by *John Wright*, dwelling
at Chriſt Church gate.
1609.

Fac-simile of final paragraph of the Introduction to Baconiana (1679)

Theſe then are the particular Writings, in which I have labour'd, and in ſetting forth of which, I have undertaken the lower Office of a Prefacer. And I think it more deſireable to write a mean Preface to a good Book, than to be Author of a mean Book, though graced with a Preface from ſome excellent Pen: As it is more Honour, with a plain *White Staff*, to go before the King, than being an unpoliſh'd Magiſtrate of a mean and antiquated Corporation, to be uſher'd forth with a Mace of Silver.

T. T.

Novemb. 30.
1678.

Fac-simile of title page to Baconiana (1679)

BACONIANA.

Or Certain Genuine

REMAINS

OF

Sr. Francis Bacon,

Baron of VERULAM,

AND

Viſcount of St. ALBANS;

In Arguments *Civil* and *Moral*, *Natural*, *Medical*, *Theological*, and *Bibliographical*; Now the Firſt time faithfully Publiſhed.

An ACCOUNT of theſe *Remains*, and of all his *Lordſhip*'s other *Works*, is given by the Publiſher, in a Diſcourſe by way of INTRODUCTION.

LONDON,

Printed by *J. D.* for *Richard Chiſwell*, at the Roſe and Crown in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard, *1679*.

Fac-simile of the passage of the Introduction to Baconiana (1679) referring to Bacon's biliteral cipher, p. 27

The faireſt, and moſt correct Edition of this Book in *Latine*, is that in Folio, printed at *London*, *Anno* 1623. And whoſoever would underſtand the Lord *Bacon's* Cypher (*y*), let him conſult that accurate Edition. For. in ſome other Editions which I have peruſed, the form of the Letters of the Alphabet, in which much of the Myſterie conſiſteth, is not obſerved: But the *Roman* and *Italic* ſhapes of them are confounded.

(y) *In* l. 6. c. 1.

This may be a cryptic hint, or, of course, it may be pure accident, but then there are so many accidents! This is one of many similar combinations to be found in the works under discussion.

The 1603 edition of Florio's Montaigne has three title-pages, one at the beginning of each book, and in each occurs a similar arrangement of asterisks and letters. In the first the asterisks point directly at F and B, but the line extended from the stars on the right indicates B o. Now

The firſt Booke.

(***)

by reference to the cipher wheel, it will be seen that this combination will again bring the letters of Bacon together. In the second book, the letters indicated on the left are s e, and on the right B o.

The ſecond Booke.

(***)

Again the combination is set. In the third book, on the left, the letters are t h, on the right B o.

The third Booke.

(***)

Once more the lock is set at BACON. Accidents again, very likely! but why do the accidents always spell Bacon? Always Bacon, Bacon, Bacon! Never, by any chance, Raleigh, nor Sidney, nor Queen Elizabeth, only Bacon. It would seem to be the only word the starling had been taught!

It may not be out of place here to call attention once more to the apparent enigma referred to in a former part of this discussion, as it seems to fall into line with other matters here referred to.

In 1897 I sent a note to *The Conservator,* showing that the curious "Hog-Latin" word Honorificabilitudinitatibus, occurring in Act. V., Sc. I., of Love's Labour's Lost, is an anagram of *"Hi ludi, tuiti sibi Fr. Bacono nati,"* which may be translated "These plays originating with Francis Bacon are protected for themselves"—that is, by reason of their worth. As the word had been used before its appearance in this play, the existence of the anagram would have little significance were it not for certain concurrent facts.

In the first place, the word in a slightly different form appears on the cover of the Northumberland manuscripts, which consist of part of a manuscript book which was discovered in 1867 in Northumberland House, in London. That it was in the library of Bacon is an acknowledged fact. It is well known, but let me recapitulate it here. The table of contents is as follows:

"Mr. Francis Bacon.
of tribute or giving what is due.

The Praise of the worthiest Virtue.
The Praise of the worthiest Affection.
The Praise of the worthiest Power.
The Praise of the worthiest Person.

Earl of Arundell's letter to the Queen.
A speech for my lord of Sussex tilt.
Leicester's Commowealth, Incerto. auth.
Orations at Gray's Inn's Revels.
By Mr. Francis Bacon.
Essays by the same author.
Richard the Second.
Richard the Third.
Asmund and Cornelia.
Isle of Dogs, frmnt.
by Thomas Nash."

Assuming that the volume had originally corresponded with the title-page, the latter part was missing; the missing part including the two Shakespeare plays.

On the blank spaces, including the margins of this title-page or table of contents, there are written a number of sentences, phrases, words, and

parts of words, a part carefully, and in the same handwriting as the text; a part carelessly, giving the impression that the writer was merely scribbling or trying his pen. So far as legible, these scribblings are as follows:

"Anthony....Mr. Francis
Francis Bacon
Francis
Multis annis jam transactis
Nulla fides est in pactis,
Mell in ore, verba lactis;
Fell in corde, fraus in factis.

honorificabilitudino

Baco
Bacon
Asmund and Cornelia
speare
revealing day
through every cranny
peeps
Shak. Sh. Shak. William Shakespeare
Sh hakespeare
William Shakespeare
William Shakespeare
Willi william"

At first sight this seems to show little, except that, in the mind of some one, of or near the period of Bacon and Shaksper, the names of the two men were associated; though the references in the Latin verse to the compact, which is no longer binding on account of the lapse of time, and to their having been deceit in the deed, are suggestive. Then the line, "Revealing day through every cranny peeps," is from "Lucrece," but with the last word changed. The feature of the page, however, which particularly attracts attention is the word *"honorificabilitudino,"* and the fact that, considered as "Hog-Latin," it is nearly translated by the title of the first paper listed on the title-page "of tribute or giving what is due." Of course, "honorificabilitudino" suggests the word in Love's Labours Lost, and, upon examination, itself proves to be an anagram of *Initio hi ludi Fr. Bacono.* The word is not scribbled, but is written carefully.

Turning to Love's Labour's Lost, we find the scene (V., 1) interlarded with Latin phrases. Taking them by themselves, in translation they run as follows:

"That which sufficeth is enough."
"I know the man as well as I know you."
"Do you understand me, Sir?"
"Praise God! I understand well."
"Do you see who comes?"
"I see and rejoice."
"Wherefore?"

Then comes our long word,

HONORIFICABILITUDINITATIBUS.

"Wherefore rejoice," indeed? "By the power of the making for honor."

Now, the reasons that I feel that this anagram is intentional, and not accidental, are, in the first place, its occurrence on the Northumberland manuscripts; secondly, the way it is led up to by the preceding Latin phrases; thirdly, what follows immediately after it:

"*Moth.* Peace! the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, are you lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn book. What is *a b* spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *puericia,* with a horn added."

Now, *a b* spelled backward, with a horn added, is evidently, as Mr. Mallock noticed, a pun on "Bacon." But a b occurs almost in the middle of the long word, and if we go on spelling backward we get this: *B A C* I *F* I *R O N O* H. *Fr. Bacono* stares us in the face: "By Francis Bacon. Then, taking the remainder of the word, ILITUDINITATIBUS, we have come out, each in the direct sequence of the letters: *ludi, tuiti, nati.* The remaining letters form *hi, sibi.* Now, all I maintain is, that it is remarkable that this thing should be pointed to by so many hints, hints which go almost to the extent of telling us how the riddle is to be solved.

But this is not all, though it is perhaps merely a coincidence that there seems to be an association of ideas between the opening lines of this play,

the sentiments expressed by Bacon in his letter to the Bishop of Winchester, and a passage from Bacon's works relating to ciphers, and that the former seem so appropriate an introduction to this revelation—if revelation it be. "But I count the use that a man should seek of the publishing of his own writings before his death to be but an untimely anticipation of that which is proper to follow a man and not to go along with him" (Letter of Bacon to Bishop of Winchester). "The pretense thereof (the enigmatical method) is to remove the vulgar capacities from being admitted to the secrets of knowledge, and to reserve them to selected auditors, or wits of such sharpness as can pierce the veil" (Bacon's "Advancement of Learning").

The play opens with these lines:

> "Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
> Live registered upon our brazen tombs,
> And there grace us in the disgrace of death;
> When spite of cormorant, devouring Time,
> The endeavour of this present breath may buy
> That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
> And make us heirs of all eternity."

The sentiment is not unusual, but this at least shows that it was in the mind of the author when he wrote the play.

Now, I am not claiming that this proves that Bacon wrote the Plays, but I do claim that, with the other things of like nature, it is sufficient to excite a lively and reasonable suspicion that he had something to do with their origin.

And now, thanking Dr. Morgan for the points which he has brought out on my side of the argument, which I think are quite as strong, if not stronger, than those for his own side, and retracting nothing which I have said in the course of this discussion, and seeing no reason why it should be supposed that the printers of the Quartos should have been taken into the secret of their authorship, and believing that Ben Jonson would have been a party to and cognizant of such secret, and consequently reticent in his expressions, I subscribe to the protocol as amended by Dr. Morgan.

Dr. Morgan. As to these title-pages of which Dr. Platt makes profert, I must admit that they render it still more difficult to escape the inference that Lord Bacon, in his later years, devoted portions of his time and means to securing the publication of works worthy, in his opinion, the preservation

of print, but which, in his day, there was no commercial warrant or inducement to publish. And I wonder what, for example, the world would say if it should find itself obliged some day, instead of cursing the name of Francis Bacon for a pirate and a plunderer who was trying to usurp the name and immortality of William Shakespeare, to thank him for having preserved the immortal Plays to posterity, that without him we might never have possessed at all! As to Dr. Platt's suggestion that this particular Duke of Brunswick must have resembled the conventional portrait of Shakespeare, who knows but we may have run into a scent to account for that mysterious Bust found in the rag-shop at Mayence by Dr. Becker in 1849, and traced to the possession of Count Francis von Kesselstadt? Perhaps this Kesselstadt Bust may have been Martin Droeshout's model for his engraving, instead of the Stratford Bust (which otherwise could have been the only thing accessible in 1623 for Droeshout to work from). Nothing appears to be "to consider too curiously" in this field. I have even heard of Baconians who claimed that an effigy of Francis Bacon was furnished to Gerard Johnson, the "tomb-maker" who executed that Stratford Bust! The origin of both the Stratford Bust and the Droeshout engravings are utterly unaccounted for.

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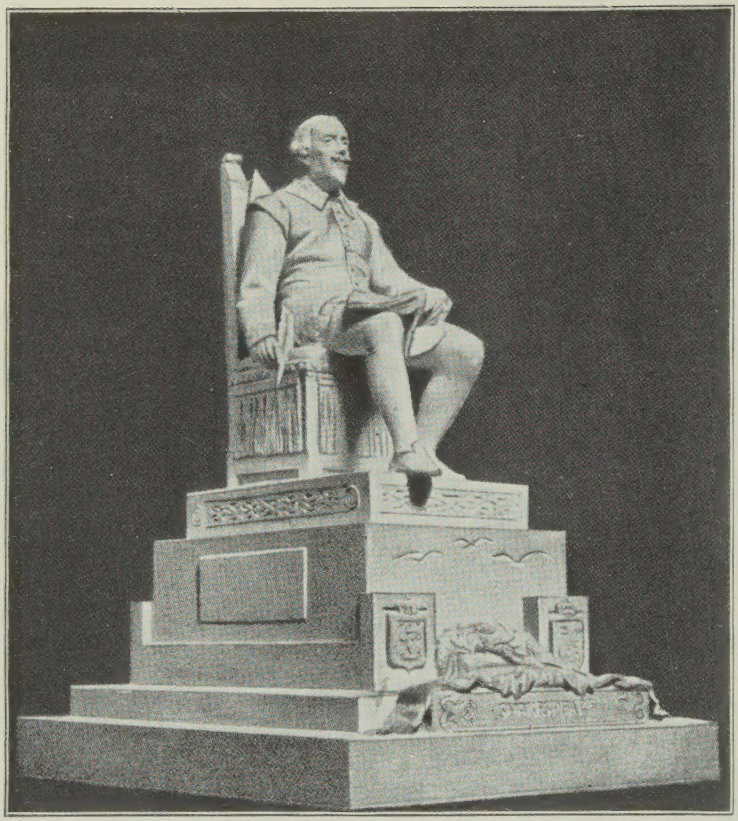
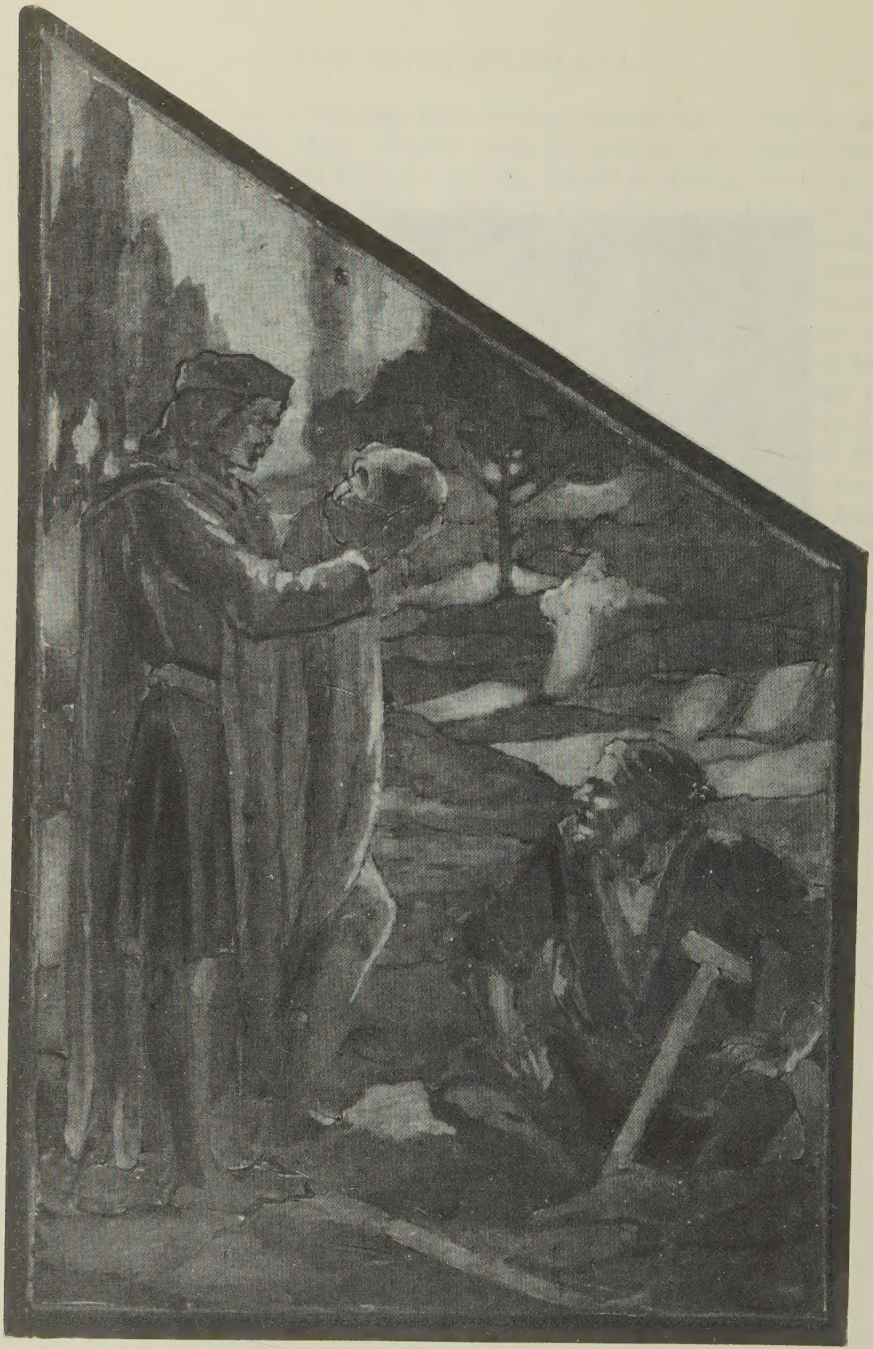


STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE, BY LOUIS HASSELRIIS, THE DANISH SCULPTOR RESIDING IN ROME, TO BE ERECTED AT ELSINORE, NEAR "THE PLATFORM BEFORE THE CASTLE" OF CRONBERG, WHERE "VALIANT AMLETH, WORTHY OF IMMORTAL FAME" (AS THE PREDICTION OF SAXO WAS), FIRST MET HIS FATHER'S GHOST:—TO COMMEMORATE THE THREE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CREATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S "HAMLET."



"WHY MAY NOT THAT BE THE SKULL OF A LAWYER?" *Hamlet V, 1, 107.*

Window in the residence of William G. Peckham, Esq., of the New York Bar, at Westfield, N. J.